

MR. AND MRS. SMITH

Original Screen Play

by

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FADE IN

INT. VAN BEDROOM - DAY

- 1 The screen is filled with the debris of unwashed saucers, cups, knives, forks and dishes -- the remains of several meals. They are piled on the floor of the room.

The CAMERA PANS AWAY from them to some playing cards which are laid out 'Patience' fashion on the floor. Two male hands listlessly select and lay out additional cards.

CAMERA PANS UP to reveal the squatting figure of David Van. He wears a robe over his pajamas; his hair is rumpled. The CAMERA MOVES IN a little closer to show how unshaven he is. As he gives a furtive glance off screen the CAMERA PANS OFF to show his gaze.

We now get a wider view of the bedroom and across the room against the wall is a bed which is littered with old newspapers. Under the bedclothes we discern the shape of a recumbent figure. There are various magazines and books on the floor beside the bed. The CAMERA MOVES IN QUICKLY until it reaches the head of the recumbent figure which can be seen peeping from out of the sheets. We get a glimpse of the tousled head of Mrs. Van. Only one closed eye is showing. By the time the CAMERA gets to a CLOSEUP of this eye it slowly opens and looks furtively back at Mr. Van.

- 2 SEMI-LONG SHOT - from her eyeline we see David has resumed his 'Patience' playing. Suddenly there is a knock at the door.
- 3 SEMI-CLOSEUP - showing David and the door. We hear a muffled voice outside.

LILY

Breakfast, Mr. Van.

David rises and going over the door, unlocks it and opens it a little way.

- 2
- 4 SEMI-CLOSEUP. - Through the narrow door opening, which is widening to take in the tray, we see the slightly scared face of Lily, the maid. She looks furtively past David, trying to catch a glimpse into the room. Once the tray has passed through, the door closes in her face.
- 5 SEMI-LONG SHOT - David crosses with the tray towards Ann's bedside, CAMERA FOLLOWING. He takes an egg in cup and dumps it down on her bedside table. The only response from Ann is to turn over in bed. All we see of this is just the hump under the bedclothes. David plunks down cup and saucer, coffee pot and milk, and returns to his own corner of the room with the rest of the things on the tray.

INT. VAN KITCHEN - DAY

- 6 MED. FULL SHOT. It's a modern kitchen, being in a duplex apartment on Park Avenue. In it at the moment is Martha, at the stove, with ladle. Martha is fifty and buxom; her position with the family dating from the time she was midwife at Ann's birth. The door, the one leading into the apartment interior, opens and Martha looks toward it. Through the door comes Lily, the maid.
- 7 MED. SHOT - Martha and Lily. Martha looks questioningly toward Lily.

MARTHA

What are they doing?

She recalls something.

LILY

She's under the bedclothes and
he's playing cards.

MARTHA

(a reproof)

Did you look through the
keyhole?

LILY

(being only
medium bright)

Oh, no, you can't see anything
anyway.

(she catches
herself too
late)

I only listened.

The phone rings and Martha goes to it.

MARTHA

(at the
wall phone)
Van residence...No, Mister
Custer, they haven't come out
yet...Well, they opened the
door for breakfast just now
but they didn't let any dishes
out...I'm running out of
dishes --

INT. CUSTER'S OFFICE - DAY

8 SEMI-LONG SHOT. At a desk near the foreground is Jeff Custer at the phone. If you remember, he was All-American six years ago from Alabama. He's still kind of Southern, and in this story he's going to be the man Ann thinks she wants instead of David, until the last hundred feet. Which means, for Ann to be fooled that long, he's easy-going, gentle, winning, and six feet one. He's also David's partner in their law-firm. They went to school together.

The absence of David seems to be a matter of great concern to the office, because not only are there two clerks round Jeff's desk listening expectantly, but there is also his secretary and in the half-open door beyond, two more secretaries, one a girl and one a man, both listening anxiously.

JEFF

They've been in there three
days already. What's the
longest they've kept this up?
...Right! ...
(he shakes
his head,
thinking)
Has Sammy gotten there yet?

INT. VAN KITCHEN - DAY

9 MED. FULL SHOT. Lily is just letting Sammy in the door that leads from the outside hallway. He is a young twenty-one, a combination law-clerk office-boy. He carries a large manila envelope.

MARTHA

He's just come in.
(to Sammy)
It's Mister Custer.

(CONTINUED)

Sammy goes to the phone.

SAMMY
Yes, Mister Custer?

INT. CUSTER'S OFFICE - DAY

10 CLOSE SHOT - Jeff, explaining as to a child.

JEFF
That paper has to be signed ..
and don't you leave until you
get it signed! I'm depending
on you, Sammy!

INT. VAN KITCHEN - DAY

11 MED. SHOT. Sammy is moved by the importance of his mission.

SAMMY
(throatily)
I'll come back with it signed,
Mister Custer!

He hangs up and turns to Martha, who has been watching him.

SAMMY (cont'd)
Take me to their room!

Martha looks at him a second, she thinks it's kind of hopeless, and starts, Sammy following, chin out.

12 MED. CLOSE TRUCK SHOT - Martha and Sammy. The CAMERA PRECEDES them through the kitchen door, through the butler's pantry, through the dining room.

INT. VAN LIVING ROOM - DAY

13 MED. FULL SHOT - Martha and Sammy. The CAMERA PICKS them up exiting from the dining room to the living room. Martha starts up the stairs to the floor on which are the bedrooms, the CAMERA PANNING them to the door.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE VAN BEDROOM - DAY

14 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Martha and Sammy. Now that Sammy is here he's lost his nerve. He knocks. No answer. He knocks again.

SAMMY

Mister Van.

(still nothing)

Mister Van, it's me. Sammy.
From the office.

Nothing. He keeps on, taking the papers from the manila envelope.

SAMMY (cont'd)

Mister Custer said you have to
sign this, we can't keep
postponing the case.

Nothing. He looks helplessly to Martha.

MARTHA

(whispering)

Put it under the door.

Sammy leans down, while talking.

SAMMY

I'm putting it under the door,
Mister Van.

He does. He and Martha look at the small part of white paper that's left.

INSERT MED. CLOSE SHOT - PAPER UNDER VAN
BEDROOM DOOR. The paper disappears
as it is being taken in.

15 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Martha and Sammy. Sammy beams at Martha now that the paper has disappeared.

MARTHA

See?

They both look expectantly down waiting for the paper to appear again. It does. Sammy bends down for it.

(CONTINUED)

SAMMY

(to the door)
You signed it in pencil!

DAVID'S VOICE

(short)
I haven't any ink!

SAMMY

It's no good in pencil!

DAVID'S VOICE

Go over it with a pen!

SAMMY

(he thinks)
But that's forgery!

DAVID'S VOICE

No it isn't!
(a pause)
Nobody'll know about it!

SAMMY

(a plea)
Mister Van, I take my bar
examination next June. I
could get in trouble -

The door opens six inches and David's hand comes out. He
snaps his fingers.

DAVID'S VOICE

Give me a pen!

Sammy takes out his pen and puts it, with the paper, in
David's hand. The door remains open the six inches while
David's hand disappears. Sammy leans a little, the better
to peek. So does Martha. They become conscious of each
other peeking, and they both have to stop, having seen
nothing. David's hand comes back, with the pen and paper.

SAMMY

(gratefully)
Thank you, Mister Van.

He takes the pen and paper and he and Martha start away.
The door is still open the six inches, and the CAMERA
CENTERS on it.

- 16 SEMI-CLOSEUP. David is looking at the slightly open door. He looks across to Ann.
- 17 SEMI-LONG SHOT. From his eyeline we see her bump irritably about the bed under the clothes.
- 18 MED. CLOSE SHOT - David. He looks back toward the partially open door, and then toward the chair piled with his discarded evening clothes. A black walking stick leans against the wall. By stretching out full he can reach it, which he does, silently.
- 19 MED. SHOT - David and Ann. David creeps toward the door with the walking stick in his hand. He is now out of view of Ann, even if she turned around, since the foot of the bed is in her line of vision. By putting the stick in the door opening he is able to push it open. It squeaks a little as it is moved.
- 20 CLOSE SHOT - Ann. She is wide-awake, but she makes no move to show this to David. As she becomes conscious of the door moving open, with a faint squeak over the shot, her eyes strain toward that direction.
- 21 CLOSE SHOT - David. He is watching to see if Ann is looking. His cane is against the door. He flexes himself to give the door a violent push shut. He ducks further out of sight.
- 22 MED. FULL SHOT - Ann and David. David's cane pushes the door shut with a loud slam. Ann whirls around, sitting up, taking in at one glance the empty room. Involuntarily she utters a half-choked scream. From his concealed position we see David smiling.
- 23 CLOSE SHOT - Ann. On her face is an expression of terrible hurt and surprise that David left the room. She bites her underlip to keep from tears which will be only a moment in coming. She sees something off scene, and her reaction changes to surprise.
- 24 REVERSE ANGLE. David's head is coming into view from the end of the footboard. He is smiling at her. He goes to her quickly.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann and David. They fall in each other's arms, David sitting on the side of the bed. For a while, they just cling to each other. With his arms still around her, David talks.

DAVID

(low,
intimately)

Thought I'd left, huh?

Ann just nods, her arms still around him, so that he feels the nodding at his shoulder. Her eyes are now glazed with tears; she's happy.

DAVID (cont'd)

What would you've done if I'd
gone out that door?

She says nothing, she snuggles.

DAVID (cont'd)

Leave me?

She nods again.

DAVID (cont'd)

Forever?

She nods again and draws back to look at him while she talks.

ANN

(gratefully)

As long as we live we'll never
change that rule.

DAVID

You're right.

ANN

If every married couple had it
there'd never be a divorce.

(she thinks
about it)

They ought to put it in the
marriage ceremony.

(she quotes what
she'd like to

see as law) (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

ANN (cont'd)

You are not allowed to leave a bedroom after a quarrel unless you've made up. That's simple, eventually you have to make up.

DAVID

Some men can't afford to stay away from their offices three days at a crack.

ANN

(she smiles
fondly,
recalling)

Remember that eight day session?

DAVID

(he thinks)

Uh-huh.

ANN

And the six?

DAVID

There were two sixes.

ANN

Two?

DAVID

One Christmas week and the other after the Yale game - remember?

ANN

That was really five and a half days, we started in the afternoon.

DAVID

(smiling
at her)

How about breakfast, madam?

She nods at him, and he takes her in his arms again and kisses her.

ANN

(CONTINUED)

20 (continued)
She rubs his whiskers with her hand, her other arm still around his neck.

ANN (cont'd)
Ain't we manly?

DISSOLVE

INT. VAN BATHROOM - DAY

26 CLOSE TWO SHOT - floor - Ann and David. Ann is shaving David. This must be something of a usual procedure for them because David, lying on the white, woolly bathroom rug, is quite at ease and Ann seems to be knowing what she is doing. His head is off the floor, resting on a towel on the bathroom scale platform, and half his face is already shaved. Ann uses a safety razor, and stops now to lather his face with the brush from the mug next to her. She is in pajamas and a robe, as is he. They aren't at all impressed with what they are doing, merely paying attention to what they are saying.

ANN
(talking from
the first, never
letting it
interfere with
her operations)
We've got respect for each
other as persons, that's our
big trick.

Since he has to put his head way back at the moment, she being under his chin with the razor, all he can manage is "Aah," which means assent.

ANN (cont'd)
Man and woman, all right, but
person to person, that's
important in marriage, too.
(continuous)
Make like this.

She puffs out her cheek, so that she can get in a corner. He does. She gets, and keeps talking.

ANN (cont'd)
I think we'd be friends if we
were both men - or women.
(now she
gestures
with the
razor)
Don't you?

DAVID

(his cheek
still puffed
out)

Mmm hmmm.

She goes back to shaving again; nice, professional strokes,
and still talking.

ANN

Respect for each other as
individuals, that's what
counts in marriage - and to
always tell the truth, no
matter what the consequences.
If we told each other just one
lie - we'd have to admit we
failed. Wouldn't we?

DAVID

(as best
he can)

Hmm.

ANN

And what would we have left?
A marriage like other people's.
Doubt, distrust, going on with
each other because it's the
easiest way -

(she shakes
her head,
looking off)

Not for us. Not after what
we've had.

She sighs and goes back to the shaving. She's disturbed
by something and she runs her hand over the part of
David's skin she's just shaved. She shakes her head.

ANN (cont'd)

Your barber's shaving you too
close, I wish you'd talk to
him.

DAVID

Hm hmmm.

Ann keeps shaving. As she gets to the corners of his
mouth and David puffs out the other cheek, she too puffs
out her cheek, absorbed in her work.

DISSOLVE OUT

12

Changes
"MR. AND MRS. SMITH"

DISSOLVE IN

INT. VAN BEDROOM - DAY

27 CLOSE SHOT - Ann and David. All we can see is the scene under the breakfast table. David's legs are attired for business and Ann, who is across from him, is evidently in negligee. David's feet are on the floor and Ann's mules are beside her feet. She has stuck each foot, however, up David's trouser legs and there they rest, intimately, toes curling contentedly during breakfast.

ANN'S VOICE

You know, it was all my fault.

28 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann and David. David is dressed in a business suit and Ann in a fetching negligee - shiny, pretty and happy. She is only toying with her egg spoon as she talks to David, half bent over the table.

DAVID

No, Ann, it was mine.

Ann shakes her head.

ANN

My fault, dear.

DAVID

Mine, darling. The trouble is
I shouldn't get jealous so much
and also lay off your family.

(CONTINUED)

ANN

A wife should conduct herself
to please her husband. That's
one of the rules I'm going to
make.

DAVID

Another one?

Ann lights up as she remembers something.

ANN

What's today's date?

David is nervous about something. He hastily looks at
his wrist watch

DAVID

I'd better be running along,
honey. The office must be
loaded --

Ann restrains him by quickly putting her hand on his arm.

ANN

Now, honey, not just yet.
(solemnly)
Remember - Rule number seven.

DAVID

I think we ought to give that
one up. We always get into
arguments.

ANN

If we ever give one up it means
we're giving up just that much
of our wonderful relationship --
that we're letting down. You
wouldn't want me to feel that,
would you?

DAVID

(knows he has
to go through
with this)

But those questions you ask
every month! Like what I did
that trip in Paris when I
graduated from college! I was
only twenty-one!

ANN

(gravely)
I forgave you for that.

DAVID

(a little
nervous)
Shoot.

Ann leans forward and looks right in his eyes.

ANN

(slowly)
If you had it to do all over
again -- would you have married
me?

David looks at her a long moment, right into her eyes.
He does love her, he does respect her, he tells her the
truth.

DAVID

Honestly -- no.
(quickly)
Not that I'd want to marry
anyone else - but a man gives
up so much when he's married,
privacy and independence, that
I think if I had to do it over
again, I'd stay single.
(he's a little
frightened)
Now, honey, you wanted me to
tell you the truth because we
have respect for each other!
We talk to each other honestly!
Your feelings aren't hurt now,
are they?

ANN

(too quickly)
Oh no. It's perfectly all right.

From her expression David knows it isn't so. He throws
his napkin on the table.

DAVID

No more of those questions!
They're always getting us in
trouble!

(CONTINUED)

ANN

I'm not angry in the least!

DAVID

Yes, you are! You don't understand what I mean! These last three years have been wonderful! I only answered a hypothetical question of what I'd do if I had to do it all over again.

ANN

(softly)

David, if you want your freedom, I don't want to be the kind of a wife who clings to her husband when she's not wanted.

DAVID

(still higher)

For heaven's sake, I do want to stay married to you! I love you! I'm crazy about you! I'm used to you! How do we get into these things anyway?

ANN

(far-off --
tragically)

If my only hold on you is that you're used to me --

She's on the verge of tears and David rushes around the table, falling on his knees and taking her in his arms.

DAVID

Honey darling, you've got the whole thing wrong. I wouldn't know what to do without you -- you're my little girl, I'm crazy about you. I didn't mean anything I said. Don't cry, baby, don't cry.

29

CLOSE TWO SHOT - Ann and David. David has rushed out of this torrent to humor her out of this dangerous mood. He kisses her forehead, he takes her chin between his fingers.

DAVID

Forgive me? Say you forgive me?

(overlapped)

She nods. He kisses her, baby fashion, on the cheek.

DAVID
(very relieved)
Can I go to work now?

She nods. Another quick kiss. He starts to get up.

30 MED. FULL SHOT. David starts out, stopping at the door.

DAVID
I come back early.
(he winks)
I mean early.

ANN
Good-bye. Don't work too hard.

He purses his lips, kissing her from the door. She does the same from her seat.

INT. AT DOOR - OUTSIDE BEDROOM - DAY

31 MED. CLOSE SHOT - David. As he turns away from Ann, he sighs. He loves her but it takes a lot out of him.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

32 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann. From the expression of smiling good-bye at David, she changes to reflective thinking. She's unhappy about this last revelation. She sighs, sorry for herself.

DISSOLVE

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE VAN-CUSTER OFFICES - DAY

33 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Office Door that reads "VAN AND CUSTER".

On the lower right side - DAVID VAN
JEFFERSON CUSTER

David comes through the shot opening the door.

INT. VAN-CUSTER OUTER OFFICE - DAY

- 34 There are two secretaries with adjoining desks, one David's, one Jeff's. David's is young and attractive - Jeff's is middle-aged and spinsterish. A portly middle-aged man, Mr. Deeever, sits patiently on one of the chairs, a brief case on his lap.

BOTH SECRETARIES

(as David enters)

Good morning, Mister Van.

DAVID

Good morning.

He goes to the office to the right. Jeff's office is to the left.

- 35 MED. CLOSE SHOT. Both secretaries look at each other knowingly and smile.

- 36 SEMI-LONG SHOT. David hesitates at his office door, conscious that he is the cynosure of all eyes. He looks back at them, whereupon the secretaries look away hastily and resume their jobs. David passes through into his office.

INT. DAVID'S OFFICE - DAY

- 37 MED. SHOT. David walks to his desk and looks at the accumulated correspondence and work which is six inches high. He looks up as Jeff enters.

JEFF

(heartily)

Good morning, David.

DAVID

Good morning, Jeff.

Jeff looks at him a second and then chuckles good-naturedly.

DAVID (cont'd)

(somewhat
embarrassed)

Well, you know how she is. You have to humor her in those things.

JEFF

Don't have to apologize to me,
David - I envy you from the
bottom of my heart. I wish I
was in your shoes.

DAVID

(willing to
get off the
subject)

Yeah, she's a good kid.

(looking over
the desk)

It certainly piles up, doesn't
it?

David's secretary has entered the shot.

DAVID (cont'd)

What first, Sunny?

SUNNY

There's a Mister Deever been
waiting to see you. He won't
tell me his business, he says
it's something private.

DAVID

Send him in.

JEFF

I'll leave you to your miseries,
David. Lunch at the club if
you can make it.

Secretary starts out to get Deever. Jeff leaves.

DAVID

Fine. I'll try, Jeff.

David looks at the work and scratches his head. The
secretary appears with Mr. Deever, who is a short-
sighted, thin but extremely cheerful little man in
glasses, through which he beams at David.

SUNNY

Mr. Deever.

(CONTINUED)

She closes the door, retreating.

DAVID
(questioningly)
How do you do?

DEEVER
How do you do?

DAVID
Won't you sit down?

He seats himself at his own desk and Deever sits on the chair next to it.

38 MED. CLOSE SHOT - David and Deever. Deever seems to be having some difficulty in beginning.

DAVID
Well, what is it?

DEEVER
(finally)
Were you married in Beechum
in March, 1937?

DAVID
(puzzled)
Yes I was.

DEEVER
(hastily)
Well...you know Beechum is on
the --
(tries to show
with gestures
with his hands)
other side of the - river - and
it was always incorporated in
Brender County, and you see
Brender County is in Idaho.
(nervously)
That's - you follow me, don't
you?

DAVID
Yes - yes -

(CONTINUED)

DEEVER

Well, we in Beechum found out we didn't have the right to be incorporated in Brender County because from the other side of the Bass River we - belong in Nevada.

DAVID

Yes - well?

DEEVER

Well, we just found out that anybody who got married between 1936 and now with a -
(points)
Idaho license -
(points to
other side)
in Nevada - well, it isn't legal.

DAVID

What do you mean it isn't legal?

DEEVER

(apologetically)
Now, I don't want you to get frightened or upset or anything. There's been kind of a mistake. You're not legally married.

DAVID

What's that?

DEEVER

(hastily)
You really are married and everything, but there's a little technicality.

David just looks, and Deever goes right on.

DEEVER (cont'd)

It's perfectly all right, you understand, common law and everything, but we figure in case of deaths and wills and births - you know, children - it'd be better if everybody kind of got married again, just to be on the safe side.

(CONTINUED)

He hastily reaches into his inside pocket for an envelope, out of which he takes two crisp single dollar bills.

DEEVER (cont'd)
 -- and the Chamber of Commerce
 is sending me around to
 everybody to tell them, and we
 give you your two dollars back
 and you can use it to get
 another license.
 (he smiles
 hopefully)

DAVID
 (this is pretty
 amusing to him)
 That's funny.

DEEVER
 Yes, I've been doing this two
 weeks now, just in New York.
 A lot of couples came to New
 York. Have a lot of trouble
 locating them.

He has left the two dollars on the desk and stands up.

DEEVER (cont'd)
 Well, I'll be going now, Mr.
 Van. I hope you don't hold it
 against Beechum - it really
 wasn't our fault.

DAVID
 That's perfectly all right.

As Deever would go, his eyes are caught by the portrait
 on David's desk.

INSERT REVERSE ANGLE. It is a picture of Ann,
 attractively framed.

DEEVER'S VOICE
 Is that your wife?

39 MED. SHOT - David and Deever.

DAVID

TH. H. H.

DEEVER

Was she Annie Krausheimer?

DAVID

Yes she was. She lived right across from Beechum. That's how we came to be married there. Did you know her?

DEEVER

Did I know her! Why, when she was this high she and my kid sister used to be running in and out of the house all the time. I remember it like it was yesterday. I can't get over that. Heh, heh! I guess she's changed some, huh?

DAVID

Yes, she's changed a little.

DEEVER

She once chased the dog-catcher half a mile with a baseball bat.

DAVID

Well, she hasn't changed as much as you think.

DEEVER

(looking
at the
picture)

Sure is a fine-looking woman. Tell her I asked after her, will you? Old Harry Deever. She'll remember me.

DAVID

I certainly will, Mister Deever.

(he puts out
his hand)

Good-bye.

DEEVER

Good-bye, Mister Van.

He goes out.

DAVID

Get me my home!

While he waits for her to get the number, he starts idly
'doodling' on his desk pad.

INSERT

We see that David has scribbled -

MR. VAN

MRS. VAN

As we watch his hand crosses out the
'MRS. VAN' and traces 'MISS KRAUSHEIMER'.

40a

MED. SHOT - David's expression is alight with mischief -
as his secretary buzzes the phone. He picks up the
receiver and speaks in a badly disguised voice.

DAVID

I would like to speak to Miss
Krausheimer.

INT. VAN HALLWAY - DAY

41

MED. CLOSE SHOT - Lily, the maid, is answering the phone.

LILY

Wrong number!

She hangs up abruptly and turns back to her work.

INT. DAVID'S OFFICE - DAY

42

CLOSE SHOT - David laughs delightedly, and again flicks
the dictograph button.

DAVID

I want to speak to my wife.

SECRETARY'S VOICE

Oh, excuse me.

As his finger flicks off the dictograph, his smile of
amusement suddenly changes to one of open-mouthed
admiration of his own brilliance. He has been inspired
with the most wonderful idea. He laughs, a short,

nb

Pause, as Ann at the other end, evidently guesses.

DAVID (cont'd)
No.....No.....No.....! Momma
Lucy's!

INT. ANN'S BEDROOM - DAY

45 CLOSE SHOT - Ann's face softens into appreciative
endearment.

ANN
(solemnly)
Honey. I didn't think you even
remembered the name of that
place. We haven't been there
since before we were married.
(sighs
romantically)
I love you.
(kisses into
the telephone)

INT. DAVID'S OFFICE - DAY

46 CLOSE SHOT - David answers her a kiss into the phone.

DAVID
Why don't you pick me up here
at six? Bye, baby.

As he says this, his hand is slowly tracing an addition
to what he has written on the engagement pad for the
evening.

INSERT The 'MISS' of the name he has
written on the pad has been
transformed into 'MISTRESS'.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

8/15/40
25a

INT. TAXI CAB - DAY - (PROCESS)

INSERT CLOSE SHOT of a loose-leaf book in Deever's hands. Centered on the film, one of a list, is the name of David Van, home address, 330 West 72nd Street; business address, 120 Fifth Avenue. Deever's hand comes in and in pencil draws a diagonal line through the whole name.

47 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Deever and cab driver. Deever looks idly out the moving cab.

INSERT REVERSE ANGLE OF WHAT HE SEES:

 The STREET SIGN reads "West 72nd Street."

48 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Deever. He looks back at the notebook.

INSERT REVERSE ANGLE- CLOSE SHOT - CAMERA
 CENTERED on "Home Address - 330
 West 72nd Street."

49 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Deever. He makes up his mind.

 DEEVER
 Oh, driver, I'll get off here.

Driver starts to pull up to the curb.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INT. VAN LIVING ROOM - DAY

50 MED. SHOT - Ann. (now dressed in a tailored street dress) and Mrs. Krausheimer. There is tea before both women. Mrs. Krausheimer, fresh from shopping, can best be described as a woman with a hat that has an ostrich feather in it. They both turn as Lily enters the room.

LILY

Mr. Harry Deeever. He says you remember him from across the river in Beechum.

Ann and her mother look at each other.

MRS. KRAUSHEIMER

(as she remembers)

Oh, Harry Deeever!

ANN

Bertha Deeever's brother! Show him in, Lily.

Ann gets up as Lily disappears and in a moment she shows Deeever in.

51 MED. SHOT - Trio. Deeever comes in beaming.

ANN

Hello, Harry Deeever. This is quite a surprise.

DEEVER

Hello, Annie. Hello, Mrs. Krausheimer. I didn't know whether you'd remember me.

ANN

What are you doing in New York?

DEEVER

(importantly)
I'm here on business.

MRS. KRAUSHEIMER

How's your wife?

(CONTINUED)

DEEVER

She's fine, thanks.

ANN

How's Bertha?

DEEVER

Oh, she's fine, too. Married to a dairy farmer in Boise -- got four children - all girls.

ANN

Good for Bertha. Sit down, won't you? Will you have some tea?

Deever sits tentatively.

DEEVER

No, thanks, I got a lot of things to do. I only dropped in for a second.

(he looks at them both)

It makes me feel good to see somebody from our neck of the woods.

(smiles)

This is quite a city. Every night's Saturday.

(he looks at Ann)

Annie, you haven't changed a bit from the little girl who used to run in and out of the house. I'd recognize you in a minute.

ANN

(appreciative, but jollying him)

Why, Harry, that's the nicest thing you could've said to me.

DEEVER

(reminding himself)

Say, I did recognize you! I only saw your picture on your husband's desk and recognized you right off.

(a grin)

He's a good lookin' fellow.

(CONTINUED)

ANN

What were you doing with my
husband?

DEEVER

(importantly)

Well -- you know Beechum is on
the other side of the river and
it was always incorporated in
Brender County, and Brender
County is in Idaho -- you follow
me, don't you?

ANN

Yes -- but --

DEEVER

Well... we in Beechum discovered
we didn't have the right to be
incorporated in Brender County
because from the other side of
the river we belong in Nevada.

ANN

Yes -- but what about it?

DEEVER

Well, we just found out that
anybody who got married between
1936 and now with an Idaho
license in Nevada -- well --
they aren't legally married.

MRS. KRAUSHEIMER

Why, that's terrible!

DEEVER

Oh, it's nothing, I gave the
two dollars back to your
husband. He doesn't lose a
cent on the whole thing. You
just get married again.

MRS. KRAUSHEIMER

I should say so!

ANN

Now, Mother, don't get excited.

(CONTINUED)

DEEVER

(alarmed)
It's really nothing, Mrs.
Krausheimer.

MRS. KRAUSHEIMER

Nothing! How does it look?

ANN

(tolerantly)
Now, Mother - David's going to
do right by your little girl...

MRS. KRAUSHEIMER

How do you know?

ANN

(happily and
even a
little smugly)
Because David's already called
up, and wants us to have dinner
for two at -- Momma Lucy's!
(smiles)
He'll marry me tonight.

MRS. KRAUSHEIMER

Well, I hope so!
(sighs heavily)

Then turns to Mr. Deever and asks:

MRS. KRAUSHEIMER (cont'd)

Can I drive you someplace, Mr.
Deever?

DEEVER

I'd appreciate it.

They all move toward the door.

ANN

Give my love to Bertha and those
four girls.

DEEVER

I sure will. Good-bye.

ANN

Good-bye.

52 MED. CLOSE SHOT - at door. As Lily gives Deever his hat and brief case, Mrs. Krausheimer has another word for Ann.

MRS. KRAUSHEIMER
I hope everything's going to be
all right.

ANN
(as though
this were
preposterous)
Why, Mother, what are you
talking about?

MRS. KRAUSHEIMER
Call me if anything happens...
(corrects
herself)
if nothing happens...

Lily closes the door.

53 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann and Lily -

ANN
(still
light-hearted,
in the mood
of ridiculing
her mother's
fears)
Lily, you know that little green
suit at the end of the closet?

LILY
Yes, ma'am.

ANN
I was married in that suit and
I want to wear it tonight.
Isn't that wonderful?

Lily just looks at her.

(CONTINUED)

LILY
You know that better than I do,
Mrs. Van.

ANN
(eagerly)
Get it, Lily.

Lily turns and goes.

DISSOLVE

54 OMITTED.

INT. ANN'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

55 MED. SHOT - Ann and Lily.

LILY
Inhale, Mrs. Van, inhale.

Ann is already inhaling just as much as she can, and Lily has just been able to fasten the last hook. Ann is wearing a suit that, although it is of a vintage three years ago, is not too obviously out of style. She surveys it in the mirror.

ANN
I can't understand how something
hanging in the closet can shrink
so much.

The struggle continues as the scene -

DISSOLVES OUT

56 MED. SHOT. David's secretary opens the door, admitting Ann. The door to David's washroom is open, and water is heard.

SECRETARY

Mrs. Van's here!

The girl retreats, closing the door, as David appears in the washroom door, in his undershirt and pants. He comes to Ann -- drying himself with the towel.

57 CLOSE SHOT. They eye each other, each with their own different romantic plots in mind. He bends over and kisses her lightly on the lips, careful not to wet her. She smiles warmly at him and looks down at her suit, turning around for him to see it fully. She hums significantly.

DAVID

(not
unpleasantly)

I thought you weren't going to
buy any more new clothes?

Ann looks at him, very disappointed that he hasn't remembered, but David is busily engaged in putting on his clean shirt, and doesn't notice. She looks down and finds that one of the snaps on her skirt is open -- she does it up -- it pops open again immediately. Having finished with his shirt, he comes up to her to tie his tie for him. As he does so, he looks at her closely.

DAVID (cont'd)

You're looking kind of cute
tonight.

Ann melts at once -- she looks at him lovingly --

ANN

I can't wait to see Momma Lucy!

DAVID

With the big bosom!

ANN

(suddenly
alarmed)

Do you think we'll get the same
table?

DAVID

Sure - it's early.

ANN

(recalling)

It'll be covered with a
chequered tablecloth - and
there'll be a candle in an old
Chianti bottle - and Rosa, the
fortune teller... You know, I
even love the smell about the
place.....

QUICK DISSOLVE

EXT. MOMMA LUCY'S - EVENING

58 SEMI LONG SHOT - David and Ann are staring ahead of them.
They are both sniffing - David audibly.

DAVID

Either our noses have changed -
or there's a livery stable
around.

ANN

(grudgingly)

It's not exactly Chanel No. 5.
Let's go in.

They move toward the door -

INT. MOMMA LUCY'S - NIGHT

59 SEMI CLOSE UP - Shooting towards the door. The CAMERA
TRUCKS before them as they walk in and look around. They
are horribly let down by what they see.

60 SEMI LONG SHOT - REVERSE ANGLE. This is a place with
marble-topped tables, fully fly-specked, without a
tablecloth in view. There are no candles anywhere to
be seen - only rather hard electric light. Two individual
customers are seated at separate tables - one a middle-
aged cab driver who is reading a newspaper and sibilantly
drinking soup; the other man, with no coat on, but a hat,
also reading and idly pushing away a cat, which is on the
table poking its nose into his food. Finally, he gets
irritated and pushes the cat onto the floor.

61 CLOSE SHOT - David and Ann. They gulp.

DAVID

This place has changed a little.

62 MED. FULL SHOT - the room. The cat man looks up and sees them. He hollers just one word in the direction of the kitchen.

CAT MAN

Customers!

From the kitchen emerges the aproned owner, a fifty-year-old cook-waiter. He is smoking a corncob pipe. Wiping his hands on his apron, he approaches David and Ann.

63 CLOSE THREE SHOT - the proprietor is a little reserved, since these are not typical customers.

DAVID

Is Momma Lucy here?

PROPRIETOR

I'm Momma Lucy.

DAVID

You've changed a little, too.

PROPRIETOR

She went back to the old country.

He turns back toward the kitchen.

DAVID

Wait a minute - we'd like to eat here.

The proprietor turns around in surprise.

PROPRIETOR

You want to eat here?!

DAVID

(a little
annoyed)

Unless you've got some objection.

(CONTINUED)

PROPRIETOR

If you've got no objection,
I've got no objection.

(now very
friendly)

Where would you like to sit?

Ann, looking around at the crummy furnishings, seems to withdraw into herself, not wanting to touch anything. She speaks with some effort.

ANN

We used to come here years ago -
and there were tables outside.

(embarrassed)

Would it be too much trouble to
have it the way it used to be?

PROPRIETOR

(looks at her,
thinking)

Are you going to have the
45-cent or the 65-cent dinner?

DAVID

The sixty-five.

PROPRIETOR

Okay.

DISSOLVE

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

64 MED. SHOT - David and Ann are seated at a table in front of the entrance; even at this distance they look very uncomfortable and passersby stare at them.

65 CLOSE SHOT - David and Ann look belligerently at the staring passersby and then to each other.

DAVID

The tablecloth isn't checkered,
but it's dirty enough to look
like checkered.

ANN

A candle isn't the same stuck
in a beer bottle.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID
(who is a poor
sport about this)
It stinks.

He looks out at the gathering circle of inquisitive children, a couple of whom are eating ice cream cones; another is a little colored boy.

DAVID (cont'd)
Haven't they ever seen anyone
eat?

66 REVERSE ANGLE - the staring group.

67 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann and David. David is getting pretty mad.

ANN
Let's just outstare them --
they'll get embarrassed.

They stare defiantly at the group - anticipating an easy victory.

68 REVERSE ANGLE - the group stare back.

DISSOLVE

INT. MOMMA LUCY'S - NIGHT

69 MED. CLOSE SHOT - David and Ann are in a similar pose as the last time we saw them, except that they are glum about their defeat. They have soup before them and Ann starts on it again. David, his chin still cupped in his hands, eyes the cat on the table.

ANN
Eat your soup, dear.

DAVID
(never taking
his eyes off
the cat)
There's something wrong with
the soup.

ANN
It's just your imagination.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

Why doesn't the cat eat the soup? Animals know what's good for them. You notice he ate up the olives.

ANN

(annoyed)
And the pits, too.

DAVID

Well, it's roughage.

ANN

Eat your soup.

He takes up the spoon and starts reluctantly. Ann, after a moment, looks at him fondly again.

ANN (cont'd)

Make the best of it, dear --
don't let it spoil our evening.

DAVID

(still eyeing
the cat)
That cat knows something.

ANN

(archly)
Where shall we go after this?

DAVID

(eyes still
on cat)
Home.

70 CLOSE SHOT - Ann reacts to this with the beginning of a mounting suspicion and dread.

ANN

Home?

71 CLOSE TWO SHOT - Ann looks at him expectantly.

ANN

Aren't we supposed to go some
place before we go home?

(CONTINUED)

DAVID
(looks at her
smugly)
Altogether it'll make it too
late.
(he winks
at her)

He looks at the cat again and spills a little soup into
a saucer for it.

72 CLOSE SHOT - Ann. She is just beginning to be genuinely
alarmed. Over this we hear David's voice:

DAVID'S VOICE
I'd give five dollars to see
that cat take a sip of that
soup.

73 CLOSE TWO SHOT.

ANN
(not hiding the
nervousness
too well -
assuming a very
affectionate
intimacy)
David --

DAVID
(brought back
to earth)
Yes, hon --

ANN
Tell me what you do a day in
the office - you know - just
a simple day like today - from
the minute you came in until
you went home. What happened?

DAVID
(greatly
enjoying
his secret)
Oh, nothing - just a lot of
schmoos. It's dull as
dishwater.

(CONTINUED)

ANN

(desperate)

No, it isn't. I'm very interested. What sort of things come up in a day? Who did you see? Please try and remember.

This may mean a lot to Ann, but it's just small talk to David.

DAVID

(throwing
it away)

Who did I see? Some sucker wanted his alimony reduced. Another fellow wanted me to rub out a name in his grandmother's will - that's all. I was in conference most of the day with Jeff.

(he leers
at her)

Things pile up in three days.

Ann smiles back sickly. David's attention is diverted to the cat, who is approaching the soup.

DAVID (cont'd)

He's going to eat the soup.

The cat draws its head away.

DAVID (cont'd)

(alarmed)

No he isn't -- doesn't that mean something?.... I want a stomach pump!

The proprietor approaches their table.

PROPRIETOR

Nice cat, eh?

DAVID

Yes.

PROPRIETOR

I'm unlucky with cats here - the third cat this week.

(CONTINUED)

73 (CONTINUED)

David drops his spoon.

PROPRIETOR (cont'd)
They get run over.

David, relieved, picks his spoon up again.

PROPRIETOR (cont'd)
I think.....

David drops his spoon again.

PROPRIETOR (cont'd)
(turning
to Ann)
Are you Mrs. Van?

ANN
Yes. How did you.....?

PROPRIETOR
Your mother's in the kitchen on
the phone.

ANN
Oh...
(to David as
she rises;
obviously
lying)
It must be about our Red Cross
group.

She goes towards the kitchen, the CAMERA TRUCKING with
her to the phone in there.

ANN (cont'd)
(into
receiver)
Yes, mother.

INT. MRS. KRAUSHEIMER'S HOME - NIGHT

74 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Mrs. Krausheimer is very agitated.

MRS. KRAUSHEIMER
Has he told you?

INT. MOMMA LUCY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

75

MED. CLOSE SHOT.

ANN
 (reluctant
 to admit this
 to her mother)
 Not exactly.

MRS. KRAUSHEIMER'S VOICE
 (shrill)
 What do you mean - not exactly?

ANN
 He's teasing me -- he thinks
 he's being romantic about it.
 (listens
 for a
 moment)
 Mother, are you crying?

INT. MRS. KRAUSHEIMER'S HOME - NIGHT

76

MED. SHOT - Mrs. Krausheimer is weeping noisily.

MRS. KRAUSHEIMER
 My poor baby! Thank Heaven
 your father's dead.
 (suddenly
 she hardens
 and adds in
 a threatening
 voice)
 Listen to me now -- under no
 conditions....Do you hear me?...
 Are you to.....

INT. MOMMA LUCY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

77

CLOSE SHOT - Ann, almost shocked.

ANN
 Why, of course not, mother.....
 (she listens
 again a
 moment, then
 adds patiently)
 Yes, mother, if the worst comes
 to the worst, I'll spend the
 night with you. Goodnight,
 mother.
 (she hangs up)

78 TRUCKING SHOT. Ann marches, with narrowed eyes, back to David. He is resting his chin in one palm, and is now pushing the whole bowl of soup in front of the cat, which is still disdainful of it. Ann sits down in her place opposite him, and looks at him steadily for a moment. David suddenly becomes conscious of her gaze. He smiles at her and leans over intimately.

DAVID
Honey, I've got a little secret
to tell you.

Ann softens a little -- at last he's going to tell her.

ANN
(smiling)
It's about time. What is it,
dear?

DAVID
(he waits
a beat)
You're a great kid.

ANN
(determinedly,
one word at
a time)
It's getting rather late if we
have to go any place, if you
know what I mean?

David looks at her, suppressing a smirk.

DAVID
I get it.
(toward the
waiter)
Check!

Ann looks at him in shocked surprise.

DAVID (cont'd)
Waiter! Check!

DISSOLVE OUT

INT. VAN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

- 79 MED. CLOSE SHOT - David is twirling a bottle of champagne in an improvised wine cooler. It is a flower vase, the discarded flowers lying beside him. He is whistling gaily. He has discarded his coat, opened his tie, and to make himself more comfortable has let his suspenders fall from his shoulders. He stops the twirling to add a few ice cubes from the frigidaire container which he brought with him from the kitchen. David looks up.

DAVID

Get the glasses, hon.

- 80 REVERSE ANGLE - MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann, fully covered by her negligee, has been standing looking at him, nervously playing with her fingernails.

ANN

(really frightened
by this time;
weakly)

Glasses?

- 81 MED. CLOSE TWO SHOT - Ann and David.

DAVID

(grinning at her)
You don't want to drink out of
a bottle, do you?

Ann smiles weakly at this and starts toward the pantry. David resumes his whistling.

INT. PANTRY - NIGHT

- 82 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann enters it and her expression, now that she is away from David's presence, is frank bewilderment and fear. Dumbly she reaches for the glasses. She cannot believe the evidence before her. She turns back as though going to her doom, going through the pantry door back to the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

- 83 MED. SHOT - Ann and David. As Ann approaches David, he picks up the bucket and, twirling the bottle with the other hand, starts toward the bedroom. He looks at Ann fondly. He winks. Ann goes with him, still holding

- 84 CLOSE TRUCK SHOT - Ann. Ann is looking straight ahead, a glass clenched firmly in each hand as she walks.
- 85 CLOSE TRUCK SHOT - David. David is oblivious to what's in the air. He is still twirling the bottle and whistling.
- 86 CLOSE TRUCK SHOT - Ann. Her fear and bewilderment are crystallizing into anger. She looks toward David ominously, her lips compressed.
- 87 CLOSE TRUCK SHOT - David. He is quite a whistler.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

- 88 MED. CLOSE TRUCK SHOT - outside bedroom door. Ann and David. David stops and so does Ann. David looks at her. He winks again. He nudges her with his shoulder.

DAVID

(low)

Get goin', Annie.

They are only a half dozen steps to the door, and David starts, as does Ann. They pass in.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

- 89 SEMI-LONG SHOT - As they both enter the bedroom, DAVID puts the champagne bucket down on a center table. The CAMERA MOVES IN to a CLOSE SHOT of the two. He indicates the champagne bottle and then says to Ann as he turns to depart into his dressing room:

DAVID

Keep twirling it, honey.

We PAN David across to his dressing room door. We see by his expression that he is mentally hugging himself with anticipation. He passes through into his dressing room.

90 SEMI-CLOSEUP - Ann, with mounting anger, watches after him, her hand subconsciously twirling the champagne. She stops suddenly, realizing what she is doing. She looks down angrily at the champagne realizing that by twirling she is condoning his duplicity. She begins to stride up and down, her burn increasing.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

91 SEMI-CLOSEUP - David is now dressed in the lower part of his pajamas. He is in the act of taking the coat of the pajamas, which is wrapped in tissue paper, from a bottom drawer. He whistles continually as he puts it on. From the top drawer he takes a clean handkerchief which he stuffs in the breast pocket of his pajama top. He pulls it out an inch or two to make it more decorative. He finally moves across to the bedroom door, CAMERA FOLLOWING. With a tiny suggestion of a brace-up he opens the door and goes into the bedroom, closing the door behind him.

Suddenly we hear a loud crash. The door swings open again and David backs out of the bedroom, hopping from the debris on the floor of the champagne bucket and ice. Beyond him we see the irate, screaming Ann.

DAVID

(alarmed)
What's the matter?

ANN

(away out of
control - still
holding on to
the two glasses)
You beast! You know we're not
married! You never were going
to tell me!

DAVID

I was going to tell you! Honey,
I was going to tell you later!

ANN

Later! How much later could
you have told me?

DAVID

(a plea)
There's no need taking on like
this --

(CONTINUED)

ANN

You were going to wait until
we had another fight and then
throw me aside - like a
squeezed lemon.

DAVID

Squeezed lemon? Stop
dramatizing this!

ANN

I'd have given you the best
years of my life, and you were
willing to go on - and on --

(she just can't
find words to
express her
anger, and she
starts a new
tack)

I always had a suspicion about
you! So did my mother. Your
forehead slants back too much!

David, advancing a little, takes her by the shoulder.

DAVID

Will you please let me say
something?

Ann shakes him off like a leper.

ANN

Don't you touch me!

DAVID

Now listen, Annie --

Ann starts pushing him, holding the glasses in her fists.
Suddenly she gets an idea and stops, the CAMERA STILL
FOLLOWING them. She goes to another door of the dressing
room which leads on to the hall. She throws it open.

ANN

You get out of here!

David backs away. The CAMERA PULLS BACK as Ann comes
round. She flings the two champagne glasses after him,
one after the other.

(CONTINUED)

ANN (cont'd)

Go on -- go on -- you're not
going to stay here.

DAVID

(protestingly)

Honey, we can't leave the
bedroom until we've made up.

ANN

You're not in a bedroom. Get
out!

DAVID

(futilely)

If you'll let me explain, Ann...

Ann suddenly gets another idea.

92 SEMI-LONG SHOT - She strides across the room and gathers
up all David's discarded clothes--his shoes, pants, coat,
shirt, tie, etc.

ANN

I know you for what you are!
I'm lucky I found you out!
You're going out of here!

She strides across the room, carrying his clothes.
David advances after her protestingly.

DAVID

Annie!

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

93 SEMI-LONG SHOT - Ann continues across to the hall door
which she throws open.

ANN

And never come back here! I
never want to see you again as
long as I live -- you -- you ---

(CONTINUED)

She flings his clothes into the outer hall by the elevators. David hurries after them protestingly.

DAVID

Hey! -- What are you doing with those?!

INT. OUTER HALLWAY - NIGHT

94 SEMI-LONG SHOT - David hurries out after his clothes; the door slams behind him. He hurries back to the door of his apartment.

95 SEMI-CLOSEUP - As David pummels on the door and rings the bell, the scene

FADES OUT

FADE IN

INSERT A BRONZE PLATE ON A WALL WHICH READS:
THE BEEFEATERS' CLUB

DISSOLVE

INT. DAVID'S CLUB - NIGHT

96 MED. CLOSE SHOT - the small lobby is entirely deserted, and at the desk is a thin bespectacled clerk, Thomas, and a telephone operator, male. Our clerk looks up as David, now dressed again, enters.

THOMAS
Good evening, Mister Van.

DAVID
(putting on
an act -
cheerily)
Good evening, Thomas. Got a
room for a member who pays
his dues?

THOMAS
We sure have. Quite a novelty
seeing you. Don't remember your
having spent the night here in
three years.

During this Thomas has turned and takes a key from the board from behind him. This board bears the name of the Club across the top and has a number of keys. David is handed number twenty-nine.

DISSOLVE

INT. CLUB STEAMROOM - NIGHT

97 MED. CLOSE SHOT - David is just entering the steamroom, a large turkish towel wrapped around his middle. The steam, of course, is very dense, and we can hardly see David through it. As the vapor is heavier toward the floor, it is so dense we can hardly see David's knees, the shading varying that much from his face downwards. David exhales softly as he struggles for breath. He puts his hand out the better to grope along. He is feeling with his leg out for a bench he expects. Finally he reaches it and starts to sit a little to the left of where he has been feeling.

MED. SHOT - David as he lets himself down on the seat.

CHUCK'S VOICE

Hey! Look out!

David jumps. Chuck sits up. He has evidently been lying on the bench and at that depth was invisible to David and the CAMERA. Chuck Benson is a thin, under-sized Rotarian about thirty-five years of age. David has popped down on his chest. David is all apologies.

DAVID

Are you hurt?

CHUCK

(recognizing
him)

Hello, Van.

DAVID

Hello, uh...er...
(he doesn't
remember
the name)

CHUCK

(supplying it)

Benson. Chuck Benson. Don't
you remember me? We were in
the golf foursome in last
year's tournament.

DAVID

Oh, yes. How are you?

BENSON

Fine. How are you?

DAVID

(moving his
arms and
arching his
back)

Got a little kink that's
bothering me. I think this
ought to do it.

CHUCK

(after a
second)

I had a fight with my wife too.

(CONTINUED)

David looks at him haughtily for a second and then abruptly drops the pose.

DAVID
It wasn't exactly a fight.

CHUCK
You know what I don't understand!
Whenever two people have a fight
the woman goes home to her mother.
Every time my wife and I have a
fight, I have to get out of the
house.

DAVID
Ha!
(but his
heart isn't
in it. After
a second)
How do you get back?

CHUCK
Simplest thing in the world --
ignore it. Ignore the whole
thing. Next day they're glad
to see you. I know, brother.
I've had experience.

DAVID
(thinking)
You're right too. Just go to
the office, don't even call her,
she gets worried - why don't I
show up in the morning. By the
time I get home --
(he nods
grimly,
satisfied
with this
strategy)

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. VAN DOORWAY - HALL - NIGHT

- 99 MED. FULL SHOT - the elevator door opens and out steps David. He carries a cellophane box of orchids. He might be a little apprehensive inside but he looks pretty cheery to us. He crosses to the door.
- 100 MED. CLOSE SHOT - David at door. His eye catches sight of something which takes him aback.
- INSERT CLOSE SHOT of an improvised nameplate.
A piece of paper has been laid over the original brass plate. On it printed boldly in ink we read:

MISS ANN KRAUSHEIMER

- 101 MED. CLOSE SHOT - David. David quickly tears off the paper, which he throws on the floor. He rings the bell and, just to be sure, he knocks on the door. He waits indignantly, shifting his weight from one foot to the other. The door opens slightly and Martha's face appears. David stands there.

MARTHA

What can I do for you?

David involuntarily turns around to see if she's talking to someone behind him.

DAVID

What can you do for me? Well,
for --

And he starts into the apartment except that the door at six inches jerks rigid, a chain having been built in since last night. David bounces against the door.

DAVID (cont'd)

What's this?

MARTHA

(cool as a
cucumber)
It's a chain to keep people
out.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID
(rattling the
door)
Open this up!

MARTHA
Miss Krausheimer isn't home.

DAVID
(stopping the
rattling)
Miss Krausheimer! I'm coming
in to wait. You open this up,
you old bat, or I'll fire you!

MARTHA
You're not firing me! I was
the midwife for Annie when
she was born and I know how
you've acted with her. And
all I can say about what she's
done is - it's about time!

102 SEMI CLOSEUP. During this David's hands go to his fountain pen in his vest pocket. The CAMERA FOLLOWS the pen down and we see that David is surreptitiously trying to lift the link of the door chain with the end of the pen. As Martha finishes we see the door slam; the pen leaps out of David's hand onto the floor of the apartment.

103 SEMI CLOSEUP. David is faced with the closed door once more. He looks down and then shouts at the closed door.

DAVID
Hey, what about my pen?

He presses the bell and bangs on the door once more as the scene

DISSOLVES

INT. APARTMENT LOBBY GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT

104 LONG SHOT. SHOOTING from the inside out toward Park Avenue we see the canvas canopy going from the door of the apartment across the sidewalk to the roadway. Traffic of Park Avenue moves beyond. Inside, at a left hand window where he can see the various arrivals to their apartments, David sits disconsolately, still holding his box of orchids.

- 105 SEMI CLOSEUP - David and his orchids. As he glances out of the window he stiffens.
- 106 SEMI LONG SHOT. From his eyeline we see Ann alight from a limousine and assisted by a rather dignified, white-haired, middle-aged gentleman. They are both in evening clothes.
- 107 SEMI CLOSEUP. David's expression changes to a grim disapproving one. We see his eyes follow them into the building as we simultaneously hear Ann's laughter.
- 108 SEMI LONG SHOT. Over David's shoulder we see the middle-aged gentleman and Ann standing on the lobby.

ANN

Thank you for a wonderful evening.

EVENING CLOTHES

I'll take you upstairs.

ANN

No thank you, this is all right.

(she puts her
hand out)

I had a wonderful time.

EVENING CLOTHES

I did too, Miss Krausheimer.

- 109 CLOSE SHOT - of David. He quivers at the "Miss Krausheimer."
- 110 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann and middle-aged gentleman.

ANN

Good night.

EVENING CLOTHES

Good night.

(CONTINUED)

And now he reaches over and with his lips pursed, tries to peck a kiss on Ann's cheek. Ann draws back, neither horrified nor even ill at ease. She giggles a little.

ANN

Now, now, Mr. Flugle.

Mr. Flugle grins shyly.

EVENING CLOTHES

They can't rule you out for trying.

ANN

That's right. Well, good night.

EVENING CLOTHES

Better luck next time.
Good night.

Ann moves on toward the elevators. Flugle looks after her.

111 MED. CLOSE SHOT - David. He looks at Flugle with extreme distaste and starts toward him, the CAMERA PANNING him over.

112 MED. CLOSE SHOT - David comes right up to Flugle and glares at him, his face six inches from him. Flugle is pretty indignant and glares back. For a second, David contemplates punching Flugle on the nose, but he is kind of an old Flugle and David is torn between handing him one and catching Ann before she disappears into the elevator. David gives Flugle one more dirty look and turns and looks toward the elevators.

INT. APARTMENT HOUSE FOYER - NIGHT

113 FULL SHOT - the elevator door is just closing and David can only look at the indicator as the elevator proceeds up.

DISSOLVE OUT

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE VAN'S APARTMENT DOOR - NIGHT

114 MED. SHOT - the elevator door opens and David hurries across to his own door. The elevator door closes. David knocks on the door. He waits impatiently. He knocks again.

DAVID

(a loud whisper)

I know you're in there! Open this door!

(nothing)

This is ridiculous. Open this door! I saw you with that old goat downstairs! Open this door! I'm not going to stand for this!

The door opens suddenly, no further than the chain allows and only for a second. Out comes his pen at his feet. He looks at it but ignores it. The door slams shut.

DAVID (cont'd)

Annie! Open up!

He rattles the door - not a sound. He takes the cellophane box of flowers and hurls them to the floor.

115 CLOSE SHOT. With slow deliberation he crushes the flowers underfoot. The fountain pen, which has been under the flowers, is now not only broken in half but has squirted ink over his light colored trouser leg.

116 CLOSEUP - David as he looks at what he has done.

DISSOLVE

INT. DAVID'S CLUB - NIGHT

117 SEMI CLOSEUP - the keyboard at the desk. Thomas' hand comes in and takes number twenty-nine from its hook and passes it to its unseen owner. Thomas' head comes into the picture and we see him watch the departing David. Thomas shakes his head.

THOMAS

When they come back a second night things are bad.

FADE OUT

EXT. STREET - VAN APARTMENT HOUSE - MORNING

- 118 MED. CLOSE TRUCK SHOT. David is running with all his might, his coat flying. He waves violently.
- 119 MED. FULL SHOT. David is stopping a taxicab which has just been pulling away from us. It is early morning. David, having flagged the cab to a stop, opens the door.

INT. CAB - MORNING - (PROCESS)

- 120 MED. CLOSE SHOT. Ann is in the cab, dressed in a business suit, and as David enters and shuts the door behind him, she glowers at him. The cab driver has turned around to see if this meets with Ann's approval. David promptly reaches over and slides closed the glass partition. He waves the driver on. The driver turns and continues driving toward whatever address Ann must have given him before David entered.

DAVID

Now!

ANN

(briskly)

Now what?

DAVID

Are you going to stop this silly farce, or aren't you? I've got a lot of work piled up in the office. We just got through a three day session of nonsense and I can't be wasting a lot of time playing these romantic games of yours. You come on home and I'm willing not to discuss this any more.

ANN

That's very generous of you. Who do you think you're talking to?

DAVID

My wife!

ANN

Oh, no, we're not married, ducky.

DAVID

Are you out of your mind?
Certainly we're married!
After three years you mean to
say we're not married?

ANN

Legally we're not married.

DAVID

Oh, for --
(a burst)
All right, we'll get married!
Does that suit you?

ANN

(mimicking him)
We'll get married! That's
a nice snarling proposal!
Listen here, you had a hard
enough job getting me to marry
you before -- and I didn't know
you then! But I do now -- and
how I know you! If anyone asks
you, you're no bargain.

DAVID

(indignantly)
What's the matter with me?

ANN

I don't want this discussion
to run into hours. I'm kind
of busy.

DAVID

Name one thing about me you
don't like.

ANN

One thing? My, aren't we vain?

DAVID

One thing I'm not -- is vain!

ANN

What about that tar stuff you
keep rubbing into your hair
that smells up my whole
bedroom?

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

I'm only trying to keep my hair for you. And you're a fine one to talk -- going to bed with a head full of aluminum clips. You turned around once and cut me in twenty places.

ANN

(through
her teeth)

You're not going to be cut any more, dearie.

This brings David back to the argument at hand.

DAVID

I'm not going to stand for this! And that's my last word on it!

ANN

Nice to have met you.

DAVID

(suddenly)

All right. I'm not going to support you. How do you like that?

ANN

Fine.

DAVID

I'm serious. I'm not going to give you any money.

ANN

Who asked you?

The cab pulls to a stop as the driver reaches out to open the door. Ann gets out, David following, talking. He is too absorbed to look around.

DAVID

I want you to know I'm doing this reluctantly.

(CONTINUED)

Ann is paying the cab driver.

ANN

Suits me.
(to the driver,
having given
him a bill)
Keep the change.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

121 MED. CLOSE TRUCK SHOT. Ann, still with her purse open, is looking for something in it as she crosses the pavement from the curb to a building. David is still concentrated on talking to her. Passersby go on either side of them.

DAVID

You're not very practical.
How do you think you're going
to live? And your old lady?
(no answer from
Ann who keeps
on walking)
I said, how do you think
you're going to live?

By this time they have reached the building, and Ann, showing a card which she has taken out of her purse when she gave the cab driver his money, flashes this to the checker at the door.

ANN

(cheerily to
the checker)
Good morning.

CHECKER

Good morning.

David would also go through this door except the checker stops him.

CHECKER (cont'd)

Where you going, Bud?

David looks after Ann.

EXT. DEPARTMENT STORE - MORNING

122 REVERSE ANGLE. There is a row of time clocks which girls are punching. David looks up and sees the sign: "Employees Entrance". David looks at the checker, who is a man of character, and sees he hasn't a chance to get through this way, and he turns quickly toward the front of the street.

DISSOLVE

EXT. DEPARTMENT STORE - MORNING

123 MED. CLOSE SHOT. It is just before opening time and the women are beginning to join the group in front of the store, preparatory to entering. They are not jamming frantically, but since David is in the center of this growing group, he is pretty uncomfortable. The doors are swung open and David is carried sideways with the throng into the store.

DISSOLVE

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - MORNING

124 MED. CLOSE SHOT. David is peering at sales girls and as far down the aisle as he can see. A section manager, with gardenia, approaches David without David knowing it.

SECTION MANAGER

(courteously)

Are you looking for something?

DAVID

(not even turning
toward him)

Yes.

SECTION MANAGER

Can I help you?

DAVID

You take the other side. She's...
(he stops. This
is no friend)
I'll find it myself.

SECTION MANAGER

I might be able to save you a
lot of trouble. I'm very well
acquainted with the merchandise.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

(firm)
I'd just rather run across it
myself.

The section manager looks at him archly.

SECTION MANAGER

You're embarrassed.
(coy; raising
the eyebrows)
Something in ladies' lingerie?

DAVID

(eyeing him)
Yes, it's something in ladies'
lingerie.

The section manager starts to point. David holds up his hand.

DAVID (cont'd)

Don't tell me. It's a game
I'm playing.

SECTION MANAGER

(still perplexed
but still the
smile)
Perfectly all right.

The section manager nods his head in the direction of the lingerie department. David gives him a look of disgust and walks on.

DISSOLVE

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - NURSERY DEPARTMENT - DAY

125 MED. CLOSE SHOT - David, peering from behind the pillar, his gaze concentrated on something off scene. He walks steadily forward, the CAMERA TRUCKING before him. There are very few customers on this floor. David walks right up to the show case and leans over.

126 MED. CLOSE SHOT - show case. David is peering over the counter.

DAVID

I see you. You might as well
stand up.

And, sure enough, Ann stands up from where she has been crouched behind the counter, having seen him first.

ANN

Anything I can do for you?

DAVID

Are you crazy? Standing all day on your feet for eighteen dollars a week! Will you please do me a favor and go on home now? I'm supposed to be in court this afternoon!

ANN

(coldly)

I'm sorry, Sir, I think you have the wrong department. We have nothing here for you.

DAVID

(pointing)

Are you walking out of here peacefully or do I have to carry you?

Ann's attention is riveted off scene.

127 REVERSE ANGLE. The section manager is coming by, hands clasped behind him, beaming at the bashful customer.

128 MED. SHOT at counter - Ann, David and section manager.

ANN

(a little too loudly, in the best saleswoman manner, immediately picking up some towels from the open box on the showcase)

And the best feature about these is that you don't have to launder them. You merely throw them away.

David looks at her blankly a second and then turns around to see who she's looking at. He sees that this has been for the section manager. Now he's good and mad.

ANN (cont'd)
(still for the
section manager's
benefit)
You just throw them away.

DAVID
(grabbing the
box)
That suits me!

He flings the box with his left hand and grabs Ann's arm with his right.

129 MED. SHOT - section manager - as the open box of towels sails by him an inch from his noodle, scattering all over the place. He whirls.

130 MED. SHOT - Ann and David. David is pulling her.

DAVID
You're coming home with me.
You're nothing but a silly --

ANN
(struggling)
You get your hands off me!

The section manager runs into the scene.

SECTION MANAGER
(frantically)
Why, Miss Krausheimer, what are
you doing to the customer?

ANN
(fearfully)
I'm not doing anything. Look
who's got who!

The section manager sees this is true. David has Ann by both wrists.

SECTION MANAGER
(firmly)
I'll have to ask you to release
our sales clerk.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID
(the old familiar
David)
You want to try to make me
release her?

SECTION MANAGER
(stumped but game)
If you're not pleased with this
clerk, I'll be happy to get you
another.

DAVID
(loud)
I'm pleased with her and she's
no clerk! This is my wife!

SECTION MANAGER
Your wife!

ANN
I am not!

SECTION MANAGER
(to Ann)
Miss Krausheimer, we understood
you were a single woman.

David is still holding on to her wrists while the section
manager lectures her.

SECTION MANAGER (cont'd)
As an aid to the unemployment
crisis, it is our policy not
to employ married women.

DAVID
You're right, too!

ANN
I am not married!

DAVID
She's married all right!

SECTION MANAGER
We'll have to take this up with
the head of the department.

(CONTINUED)

ANN
Just take me to him!

DAVID
Where is he? We'll all go!

SECTION MANAGER
(nervously)
This way, please.

Other sales clerks are watching and the procession starts.
Ann rubbing her wrists as she walks.

DISSOLVE

INT. OUTSIDE FLUGLE'S OFFICE - DAY

131 MED. SHOT. The section manager is holding the door open,
and Ann enters, followed by David and then the section
manager.

INT. FLUGLE'S OFFICE - DAY

132 MED. FULL SHOT. The section manager is just closing the
door behind him. David takes one look. Who is behind
the desk but the gent who took Ann home last night and
tried to kiss her. This is Flugle!

DAVID
(it's all
clear to him)
Aha!

He looks from Flugle to Ann. The section manager starts
right in.

SECTION MANAGER
This gentleman claims he's
married to our Miss Krausheimer.

ANN
We are not married!

DAVID
We're married all right.

(CONTINUED)

FLUGLE

Miss Krausheimer, you understand
it's not our policy to employ
married women.

SECTION MANAGER

(obsequiously)

I told her that.

ANN

(again and again)

I tell you I'm not married!

DAVID

She's married all right.

(to Ann)

How do you know this silly
monkey?

ANN

(who is so furious
she doesn't realize
she's answering
David)

Sylvia introduced me to him.

DAVID

That's the last time I want you
to talk to Sylvia! I never
liked her in the first place.

ANN

Mr. Flugle, I tell you I'm a
single girl.

DAVID

(now threatening
Flugle)

And I tell you she isn't, you
old goat!

(leaning over
the desk)

And what do you mean taking out
innocent girls the night before
you give them jobs in this dump?

ANN

I am not innocent!

(CONTINUED)

132 (CONTINUED)

DAVID
(jumps on this
lawyer-like)
There you are -- she's admitted
it. She's my wife.

ANN
I didn't admit anything.

FLUGLE
(getting to
his feet
belligerently)
Are you referring to me as an
old goat?

David, who is used to hitting much bigger and younger men looks at this old timer with contempt. He merely reaches across and taking Flugle's pince-nez glasses by the bridge, snaps them on the tip of Flugle's nose. And, besides that, he pushes Flugle back in the chair.

DAVID
Oh, sit down!

Flugle's nose hurts and he holds his hand to it.

FLUGLE
(trying to get
the glasses
off without
taking the skin
off, too)
Ouch! Ouch!

The section manager has sprung into action. He bobs the lever on the dictaphone.

SECTION MANAGER
The store detectives! Get the
store detectives!

DISSOLVE

EXT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

133 MED. SHOT. Two burly store detectives, one having David by the arm, the other Ann, who is now fully dressed, are escorting them firmly through the door. They now turn and go back into the store.

REED. CLOSE SHOT - David and Ann. Ann is furious.

ANN

Are you satisfied now?

DAVID

I have an appointment in the office at two o'clock. Are you going to make up with me?

ANN

No, I'm not going to make up with you! Ever!

DAVID

(more seriously)

For heaven's sake, Ann, what do you want?

People are gathering around this animated couple, to which they are oblivious.

DAVID (cont'd)

All right, I said in the morning that I didn't want to be married -- then I had a chance to get out, didn't I? All right, we'll take your side of it, I am out. Now I want to get back. Doesn't that convince you I want to still be married to you?

ANN

I believe you want to get married again. I'm very flattered, but I don't want to marry you! I've thought the whole thing over. I'm not interested.

DAVID

(indignantly)

What's the matter with me?

ANN

I don't like your temper -- you're too jealous -- you're always knocking people down.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

If you're referring to New Year's
Eve -- that drunk had no right
(to grab at your garter and wave
it around.) (Alternate line for Censor:
"to pick up your garter and wave it
around.")

ANN

(they have evidently
gone over this a
thousand times)
It wasn't my garter. I showed
you both my garters.

DAVID

(quickly)
That was after you went to the
ladies' room and got Julie's
garters.

ANN

They were my garters!

DAVID

Those were Julie's garters.

ANN

(suspiciously)
How do you know they were
Julie's garters?

DAVID

Well, I know they weren't your
garters!

A policeman has joined them and is looking from one to
the other. They both become conscious of him.

POLICEMAN

I don't know what you two are
selling, but do you have a
license to get this crowd
around?

135 REVERSE ANGLE. There is quite a group in a circle around
Ann and David.

136 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann, David and Policeman.

DAVID
(who isn't afraid
of anyone at
this point)
License for what? Go on about
your business!

ANN
(sarcasm)
Go on -- hit him, why don't
you? Knock him down! Go on!

POLICEMAN
(taking Ann's remarks
straight, but not at
all frightened --
solemnly)
Madam, I wouldn't advise your
friend to hit a cop in this town.

ANN
Officer, I'm on your side. I
don't even know this man.

The policeman eyes David.

POLICEMAN
(to David)
Run along, Buddy. Come on,
scatter! You go this way --
(to Ann)
You go there.
(he pushes them.
To David again)
Go on -- go visit Columbus
Circle.

Ann turns and goes, through the crowd, her head high.
David looks at her. There is nothing he can do. He
glares at the cop and sullenly turns away. He walks
dejectedly through the group.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. DAVID'S CLUB - NIGHT

137 SEMI CLOSEUP - CAMERA DOLLIES IN QUICKLY to show that the occupant of number twenty-nine is 'in' because the key isn't there.

QUICK DISSOLVE

INT. DAVID'S ROOM AT CLUB - DAY

INSERT MED. CLOSE SHOT - TROUSER LEG. All we see is David's leg on the window sill, featuring ink stain on his trouser and his hands pouring gasoline from a can plainly marked "Lighter Fluid" onto a handkerchief. He rubs the spot vigorously.

138 MED. FULL SHOT - David. He continues rubbing the spot, with little success. There is a knock on the door.

DAVID

Come in!

The door opens, and Jeff Custer enters, a cigarette in his mouth.

JEFF

(smiling)
Gasoline?

DAVID

Throw that cigarette in the hall, will you?

Jeff does, and closes the door. Jeff walks over to David, still working at the trouser.

JEFF

How'd you get that?

DAVID

(throwing
it away)
Leaky fountain pen.

JEFF

Where do you carry it - in your socks?

(CONTINUED)

DAVID
You got an extra handkerchief?

JEFF
(not too eager
about this)
No, I haven't.

There is an awkward pause. Jeff breaks in.

JEFF (cont'd)
I postponed the Amanda case for
you, and set back the Duffy
hearing, and asked for a
continuance against the street
car company.

DAVID
(embarrassed at
his inattention
to business)
That's fine, just fine.

JEFF
I'd like to ask you to do
something, David.

DAVID
(apologetically)
I'll catch up with all this
work in no time, Jeff. I just
can't get my mind on it right
now.

JEFF
That's all right, David. You
don't know what I'm going to
ask you yet.

DAVID
What is it? Anything you want,
you know.

JEFF
(suppressing
a smile)
I'd like you to drop in at
your own home tonight - after
dinner.

DAVID
What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

JEFF

I've taken matters in my own hands. I asked Ann to have me to dinner. She's fond of me and she knows I'm fond of her, and I think I can straighten it out. I hope it is something I can straighten out.

DAVID

(eagerly)

Why, certainly. It was nothing - one of those little domestic squabbles. It was really nothing.

JEFF

I imagined it was that. You're too fine to do anything shoddy. I want you to just drop in unannounced at about - shall we say - nine o'clock?

(he grins
at David)

David puts his hand out. He is almost too choked up to speak.

DAVID

Jeff--

(by God, he is
too choked up)

JEFF

(modestly)

That's all right.

DAVID

You're the best friend a man ever had.

JEFF

(too simply)

We're partners.

DAVID

(fervently)

You're the best law partner a man ever had.

JEFF

We were school chums.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

(stoutly)

And you were the best fullback
Alabama ever had.

(an admission)

I always said Hinkle was a
greater back, but I was wrong.

(sincerely)

Hinkle couldn't touch you.

JEFF

(modestly)

Thanks, David.

He pats David solemnly on the back, which David returns.

DISSOLVE

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE DAVID'S APARTMENT DOOR - NIGHT

139 MED. FULL SHOT - The elevator door opens and David exits. The elevator door closes. David gets out his pocket comb, gives his hair a few licks, adjusts his coat by pulling it down, and with a happy expectant smile presses the doorbell.

140 MED. CLOSE SHOT - David, at doorway. The door opens, only the distance of the chain. The chain has a very distinct jangling noise. Martha's face appears through the six-inch aperture. She just looks; she says nothing.

DAVID

(a changed man,
humbly,
hopefully)

Can I come in?

MARTHA

(showing neither
approval nor
disapproval)

I'll see.

(she closes
the door)

David is a little hurt by this leper-like treatment, but he waits, shifting from one foot to the other. He keeps looking at the door. It opens in a few seconds, but just the chain length. David strains forward.

(CONTINUED)

MARTHA (cont'd)
(with the same
expression)
It's all right.

She removes the chain from the door, and holds it open for David to enter, which he does, in a rush.

INT. VAN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

141 FULL SHOT - Ann and Jeff are standing facing the door. Jeff has his hands behind his back. Ann has her arms folded. They are side by side. David enters from the hallway, and stops at the doorway. He looks fondly at both of them.

DAVID
Hello, Ann.

He smiles warmly at her. He has not moved forward.

142 REVERSE ANGLE - CLOSE TWO SHOT - Ann and Jeff. They don't change their expressions one flicker. Just look at David.

143 REVERSE ANGLE - MED. CLOSE SHOT - David. His grin changes to alarm as he looks from one to the other.

144 MED. FULL SHOT - Group. David is still searching their expressions for a hint, when Ann begins.

ANN
(directly
to David;
simply)
Talk to my lawyer.

DAVID
Your lawyer! What lawyer?

JEFF
(in a friendly
tone)
Ann has asked me to represent
her in this matter, David.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

What for?

JEFF

I've been telling her she
doesn't need a lawyer.

DAVID

(in sharp
agreement)

I'll say she doesn't!

JEFF

Because as I understand the
facts, you two aren't married
at all.

David is horrified at this bombshell which has been
delivered in a friendly matter-of-fact voice.

ANN

(triumphantly)

There you are!

DAVID

What!?

JEFF

So there's nothing for the
Court to decide.

ANN

This happened before in
Peterson versus Peterson.
And Jeff says even the Supreme
Court threw it out.

DAVID

(to Jeff)

Say, what's the matter with you?

ANN

He said you're lucky this isn't
the South and I'm not his sister.

DAVID

Why, you hillbilly ambulance
chaser!

(CONTINUED)

JEFF

There's no need losing our
tempers.

DAVID

(disregarding
him)

We're married, if not legally,
then by common law, which is
just as good! Better!

JEFF

(loftily)

I don't deny there's a kind
of common-law relationship
between you.

DAVID

Thank you.

ANN

Tell him the whole thing, Jeff.

JEFF

(rocking on
his heels)

However, the woman is given
the benefit of any
difficulties arising out of
such a relationship.

(very professional
now)

For instance, should you die,
as a wife she is entitled to
share in the husband's estate.

DAVID

Fine - when I die she'll get
the furniture.

JEFF

(continuing -
calm)

You're entitled to hold yourself
forth as the husband.

DAVID

I am holding myself forth as the
husband. Tell me something I
don't know.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF

Should the woman, however, care to halt this relationship and marry someone else, she is entitled to do so.

(he repeats)

Peterson v. Peterson; Adams v. Kelley and Gimble v. New Pennsylvania Coal Co.

Jeff has spoken with so much authority that David has no chance to contest the point. He looks at Jeff with a hurt expression.

DAVID

You're supposed to be my best friend, and you tell her a thing like that!

JEFF

I have never taken advantage of our friendship by word or deed, and it is only because you're standing here that I can now ask Ann --

(he turns to

Ann; formally)

Would you care to have dinner with me tomorrow night?

ANN

(delighted)

Where?

David steps toward Ann, using his finger to threaten her.

DAVID

I'm asking you, Ann, to come to your senses and marry me tomorrow. If you have dinner with him tomorrow instead - this is final - we're through!

ANN

(turns to Jeff)

What time?

DAVID

(that's enough
for him)

We're through, Ann. From now on, we're just friends.

ANN
That's not necessary.
(turning to
Jeff)
The Stork Club, all right?

JEFF
Anywhere you say.

David walks to the door without another word. They watch him. He stops at the door, and with his arms folded, stands waiting. He's going to see that Jeff leaves with him.

As Jeff starts toward the door, David turns to go through the little foyer to the outer door.

145 MED. CLOSE SHOT - David, at door. He turns toward the door, pretending indifference.

JEFF'S VOICE
I'll call for you at eight.

David looks at the swinging chain which is the kind that is slipped in its slot at both ends and can be removed. An inspiration comes to him.

ANN'S VOICE
That'll be fine. Good night.

JEFF'S VOICE
Good night.

David slips both ends of the chain out of the groove and pockets it. He opens the door wide, the better to hide the missing evidence. The CAMERA PULLS BACK allowing Ann and Jeff to come into the picture.

DAVID
Good night, Ann.

ANN
(coolly)
Good night.

Both men are out in the hallway. She closes the door.

INT. HALL - NIGHT

- 146 MED. CLOSE SHOT - David has pressed the elevator button and both men stand waiting for the elevator. David, self-conscious, is looking around, not wanting to look at Jeff. The elevator door opens and David rushes in first. Jeff follows, gentlemanly.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

- 147 MED. CLOSE SHOT - David, Jeff and Elevator Boy. The door closes and the elevator descends. David looks straight ahead, not speaking. Down, down, down goes the elevator. Not a word. The elevator door opens. David belligerently strides out first. Jeff just lets him go, ever polite.

INT. APARTMENT LOBBY - NIGHT

- 148 MED. FULL SHOT - David walks across the hall, followed by Jeff.

EXT. APAREMENT - NIGHT

- 149 MED. FULL SHOT - David lets the door shut almost on Jeff's face. Jeff, with never a grimace, opens the door. David is adjusting his coat. Jeff is beside him. David looks at him.

DAVID

(muttering)

Comparing yourself with Hinkle
as a football player! You
couldn't carry Hinkle's water
bucket!

David turns on his heel and strides away.

JEFF

(as he starts -
still the
forgiving friend)

Good night, David.
(turns in the
opposite
direction)

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

- 150 FULL SHOT - Both men walking, the distance spreading between them.

151 MED. CLOSE TRUCKING SHOT - of David. He walks a few steps further and while still walking, sneaks a look to see whether Jeff is watching. Quickly he dodges off the curb to be out of view behind a parked car. He looks upward in the direction of Ann's window.

152 REVERSE ANGLE - Group of windows, one of which David knows is Ann's. He starts warily back to the apartment house entrance, walking in the street behind the parked cars to keep from Jeff's possibly seeing him.

DISSOLVE

EXT. VAN APARTMENT DOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

153 MED. SHOT - the elevator door opens and David steps out. Behind him is a very bewildered elevator boy.

DAVID

Understand?

He hands the boy a dollar bill. He steps up to his own door, the boy behind him. He rings the bell. He starts to lean toward the door, preparatory to shoving it open with his shoulder.

ANN'S VOICE

Who is it?

ELEVATOR BOY

Oh, Mrs. Van, could I see you a minute?

David pushes the boy away and braces himself to crash in as soon as Ann opens the door an inch.

ANN'S VOICE

One minute.

We hear the lock being snapped back and Ann appears in the doorway.

154 SEMI-CLOSEUP - She reacts on seeing David. 83
Simultaneously with his advance towards the door, she
slams it in his face. He is far enough in to catch the
full force of the door on his nose. As he recoils, Ann
says coldly:

ANN
Good night, dear. Your nose is
bleeding.

She closes the door quietly. As the door snaps shut -

DISSOLVE

INT. STEAM BATH - NIGHT

155 MED. CLOSE SHOT - David and Chuck. David with the
perspiration rolling off him, nude for as much as we can
see, is holding his head back, a wet handkerchief to his
nose. Chuck is beside him. David lowers his head a
second to look at the handkerchief. From beside him
Chuck takes a gin bottle and presses it in David's hand.

DAVID
(throwing his
head back)
Are you sure this is good for
nosebleed?

CHUCK
Best thing. I always use it.

David drinks.

CHUCK (cont'd)
(a little drunk
and thinking
about it)
But then I don't know. I use
it for everything.

David holds out the bottle which Chuck takes. Chuck looks
at the bottle.

INSERT CLOSE SHOT OF LABEL. It is a usual
gin label, but written across it in
heavy pencil is "Gloria - Wickersham
2-9970."

266 MED. SHOT - David and Chuck.

CHUCK
(for a moment
he is puzzled,
then he
remembers)
Oh yes! Oh boy!

He staggers a foot off. As soon as he leaves our bench, however, he gets lost from our view because of the step. He comes back in two seconds, dragging an extension telephone. He sits next to David again - looks at the gin bottle and begins to dial.

DAVID
(reflectively -
his handkerchief
still to his nose)
I'm really kind of a dummy.

CHUCK
(attention on
the phone)
Uh huh.

DAVID
The worst thing I could do is
chase her. Let her have a
week or ten days without me.

CHUCK
(still at
the phone)
Uh huh.

DAVID
She's used to me. She can
never even get to sleep until
I get home.

CHUCK
Uh!

DAVID
I'll have some fun. Hang
around with the boys - play
poker a couple of nights.

(CONTINUED)

CHUCK
(having gotten
his number -
excitedly)
Gloria?

David jumps a foot. Chuck looks at him.

DAVID
I thought there was a woman
in here!

CHUCK
(into phone)
Hiya, Gloria?

David watches him. Chuck kisses into the phone. Chuck
is your real affectionate drunk. He kisses more, a fine
extrovert.

CHUCK (cont'd)
(into phone)
And I'm kissing you back.
(more kisses.
He listens with
a smile, then
his smile changes
to a frown)
Jimmy? This is no Jimmy.
This is Chuckie.
(more kisses
into phone)
Been missing your little
Chuckie?
(to David)
Wonderful girl. Society girl.
Real class.
(into phone)
How about tomorrow night?...
Atta girl. Listen, I got a
friend. How about Gertrude?
(to David)
You'll like Gertrude.

DAVID
Me? Gertrude?

CHUCK
(into phone)
Oh, this is a great fellow.
Society fellow. Real class.
(to David)
Did you ever see the girl in
the Camel advertisements?

DAVID
Is she as good looking as that?

Chuck cannot answer because Gertrude is on the phone.

CHUCK
Hello, Gertie. I got you a
great little dinner partner
for tomorrow night, but he
needs kind of cheering up.
You know what I mean?
(continuing
into phone)
Okay.
(he hands the
phone to David)
She wants to talk to you.

David takes the phone self-consciously, taking the
handkerchief away from his nose but still speaking
nasally.

DAVID
(self-consciously)
Hello, Gertie.
(he looks at
Chuck - stumped)
She's kissing me over the
telephone.

CHUCK
Kiss her back.

DAVID
I don't know her.

CHUCK
It's all for laughs. She's a
great kid.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID
(screwing up his
courage - he
kisses into the
telephone,
feeling like a
dope. He listens)
How can you tell you're crazy
about me?
(he gives a
little laugh
into the
phone - pleased)
Oh, it's just an average voice.
Yes, I used to sing a little.
(laughs again)

Chuck reaches for the phone, interrupting a conversation
that would have gone on indefinitely.

CHUCK
(to the girl at
the other end)
What did I tell you?...Great
fellow...Eight o'clock?
(he turns to
David)
Where shall we make it?

157 CLOSEUP - David looks ahead grimly for a moment and then,
turning back to Chuck, says:

DAVID
Stork Club. .

158 SEMI CLOSEUP - the two. Chuck speaks into the phone:

CHUCK
How about the Stork Club?
Good? Okay.

He sends more kisses through the phone and then hangs up.
He turns to David.

CHUCK (cont'd)
Wait till you see them!

DAVID
What's Gertrude got to do with
Camels?

CHUCK

She smokes them.

He takes a slug of gin.

DAVID

I thought you said something
about the advertisements?

CHUCK

Oh, she looks like that girl
...dead ringer.

DAVID

(a pleased
anticipatory
smile coming
over his face)
She liked my voice.

CHUCK

(leering toward
David)
That's not all she'll like.
Yahoo!

He takes another swig of the gin.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. SPOCK CLUB - NIGHT

159 MED. CLOSE SHOT - David. He is just outside the entrance of the room itself, straightening his clothes and generally prettying himself. Ann was right, he is pretty vain. Now he is nervous and excited about this little adventure. The Captain approaches him as he stands in the doorway.

DAVID

Chuck Benson party?

CAPTAIN

Yes, sir. They're expecting you.
Right this way.

He leads David down the corridor past the backs of the people sitting at the bar. As they approach the dance floor we see that it is absolutely jammed with people. The Captain threads his way through the tables, followed by David. In the distance we get an impression of tables being carried head high, which obviously indicates that they are having to add extra tables continually, thus reducing the size of the dance floor.

160 MED. CLOSE TRUCK SHOT - Captain and David. While walking, David is straining to see the girls with Chuck. Finally he spies Chuck.

161 REVERSE ANGLE - MED. FULL SHOT. At one of the most uncomfortable tables in the corner of the floor, Chuck is seated. There are two girls to his left. To his right there is a very small space. The tables are so crowded together that you really cannot tell 'who's in whose' party. The space is so indiscernible that it looks as tho the beautiful girl next to Chuck might be in his party. Next to her is a man. At the moment Chuck is looking to his right, waiting for David, which causes David to think that the beautiful girl is in his party.

162 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Beautiful girl - who is beside Chuck Benson.

163 MED. CLOSE SHOT AT CHUCK'S TABLE. The Captain brought David right to the table and he is in the path that prevents David from seeing the two girls actually with Chuck.

CAPTAIN
Here you are, Sir.

David hardly looks at Chuck, but at the pretty girl.

CHUCK
(in very good spirits
again - too loudly)
Davie, my boy!
(he turns, indicating
his two friends)
Here he is, girls - in the
flesh.

164 CLOSEUP - David, horrified, looks at the two girls.
The beautiful girl isn't in the party at all.

165 MED. CLOSE SHOT - of the two girls with Chuck. They are not homely girls, they are just exuberant; and they don't read Vogue, and they don't dress out of Hattie Carnegie's and they use just a little too much make-up and, most depressing of all, they talk a little too shrilly. The one furthest away from Chuck isn't so bad, but the one in the middle - she's kind of tough to take. She also is Gertie, which is what David doesn't know as yet.

GERTIE
(nice and clear)
What's been keeping you?

166 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Group.

DAVID
(sickly)
I was kind of busy at the office.

GERTIE
(pleased and
impressed)
You work in an office?

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

Yes.

The headwaiter has pivoted open the table for David to sit. He looks forlornly at the beautiful girl and then back at these.

CHUCK

(waving indefinitely)

Gertie Schultz and Gloria O'Day
- Davie Van.

THE GIRLS

How do you do.

DAVID

(about to get
into the table)

How do you do.

CHUCK

Just one second --

(indicating
the middle one)

This is Gertie. You're not
laying hands on my Gloria.

This is an additional horror to David who thought by the seating that Gloria was the other one. Chuck heavily clamors over Gertie's lap to seat himself in the center and David sits beside Gertie. Next to him, still, is the beautiful girl, who is as close to him as is Gertie. The headwaiter departs. David is conscious of the many people in the room who can witness his moment of shame. The closely packed dancers crush David against the table.

DAVID

Isn't this a little crowded -
I mean, can't we go to some
quieter place?

(obviously)

Where it's darker?

GERTIE

(good-naturedly -
slipping her hand
on his knee)

Hold it, Cookie. We'll go to
one of those dark romantic
places later. We're eating first.
Have you ever been here?

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

(sadly)
Often. That's why I want to go
to a dark place.

GERTIE

(puzzled)
I don't get it.

DAVID

The food isn't so good here.

GERTIE

Stomach shot, huh?
(she taps her
own stomach)
I got that too. Just take a
quick one. Best thing for it.
(to the passing
waiter)
Hey! Bring the bottle here
and leave it, will you?

WAITER

(after a look
at David, whom
he knows)
Yes, madame.

166a CLOSE SHOT - David - he is looking fearfully around to
see if Ann and Jeff are there yet.

166b MED. CLOSE SHOT - group. Gertie continues, quite
oblivious of David's agony.

GERTIE

They slug you to death with those
single drinks. The smart thing
is to get the bottle.

DAVID

I'm glad to know that.

He starts wiping his brow with a handkerchief. Chuck's
head comes into the scene as he leans over. He gives
David an elaborate wink.

(CONTINUED)

168b (CONTINUED)

CHUCK

Some kid, huh?

GERTIE

(pleased)

Let him talk for himself.

DAVID

(having been
forced)

Wonderful.

(CONTINUED)

GERTIE

You and me gonna hit it off
great.

(she snaps her
fingers)

I can tell the first minute
whether I'm gonna go for them.
Ninety-nine times out of a
hundred I'm right.

DAVID

(repeating)

Ninety-nine out of a hundred.
(he wipes his
brow again)

GERTIE

Yep.

David's features become frozen as he sees something off
scene.

167 REVERSE ANGLE - On the fringe of the crowded dance floor
are Jeff and Ann. They dance very nicely together and
Ann is about to turn full face, which means she would
probably see David.

168 CLOSEUP - David seeing Ann and looking apprehensively
at the two girls.

169 MED. CLOSE SHOT - David and Gertie. David grabs the
menu in front of him and puts it up to his face, hiding.
He is in agony at the prospect of being seen with his
fair companion. Gertie merely sees in David's holding
the menu up that he intends to order.

GERTIE

(looking at
the menu over
his shoulder)

How do you like the way they
write it all in French? That's
just putting on the dog for the
fancy prices.

David, who has not been focusing on the menu, now begins
to look, still frantic at the possibility of Ann's
seeing him.

(CONTINUED)

169 (CONTINUED)

DAVID
(abruptly)
Yes.

GERTIE
(pointing)
Oofs - that's eggs.
(she repeats)
Oofs.

DAVID
(startled by
the word)
What's that?

GERTIE
Oofs is eggs. No kidding. I
was here once before.

DAVID
(peering over
the menu)
Thanks.

170 REVERSE ANGLE - Ann and Jeff. They are dancing fairly close together too. They are disappearing into the crowded couples, out of sight.

171 MED. CLOSE SHOT - of the group. David wipes his forehead again, putting the menu down.

DAVID
It's awfully hot in here.
(he leans over to
speak to Chuck)
I know a place that's very cool.

CHUCK
(grandiloquently)
Don't rush it. We're stuck for
the cover charge anyway. A
couple of hours of this --
(he waves with his
hand to show that
they will go, and
winks)

(CONTINUED)

171 (CONTINUED)

The waiter brings over the food for the three, who ordered before David arrived.

GERTIE

Dish it out. I'm starved.

GLORIA

I could eat a horse.

The waiter is serving them as David searches anxiously and fearfully for the table where Ann and Jeff must be seated. He reacts as he spies them.

172 REVERSE ANGLE - Ann and Jeff. They are not too great a distance away and Ann has just turned and seen him. From her reaction we can see this is the first time she's seen him. Jeff also sees David.

173 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann and Jeff.

ANN

Why, David's here.

She looks eagerly at his party.

JEFF

Yes, I see.

ANN

(pretending a
great indifference)

Who's that he's with, I wonder?

174 MED. CLOSE SHOT - David and Gertie and beautiful girl. Gertie is making every effort to eat elegantly and is practically holding the knife between two fingers as she cuts into a bird. She is having a helluva time with it, working her elbows like pistons. David, who is ashamed to look at her, finally gets an inspiration. He sees by rolling his eyes that Ann is still looking at him, so he now leans over to the beautiful girl at his right and pretends to be talking to her by moving his lips. He doesn't utter a sound, so as not to attract her attention.

175 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann and Jeff.

ANN

She's kind of pretty. Do you know her, Jeff?

JEFF

No, I don't.

ANN

He always used to say he couldn't stand brunettes.

Ann turns back to Jeff.

176 MED. CLOSE SHOT - David, Gertie and beautiful brunette. David leans back from the brunette. He steals a quick glance at Gertie, who is now at the bird with the knife in one hand. She has discarded the fork. She is sawing away at the leg.

GERTIE

(through her teeth)

Oh, you wanna rassle?

David shrinks with mortification. He looks back toward Ann.

177 REVERSE ANGLE - Ann too casually turns in his direction.

178 MED. CLOSE SHOT - David. With his eyes on Ann, David leans toward the brunette, mimicking away at soundless dialogue. The brunette senses this and turns to look at him. This David does not see since his eyes are swiveled toward Ann. Her friend, kind of a big fellow, leans across the table to look at this idiot.

179 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann and Jeff. Ann is pretending great unconcern.

ANN

(throwing it away)

Is it one of your clients?

JEFF

No, I don't think so.

180 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Group of David, beautiful brunette and brunette's escort. David is still chattering away, with the brunette edging toward her escort and her escort glowering at David. David's eyes are still toward Ann.

181 REVERSE ANGLE - Ann and Jeff. Ann is annoyed.

ANN
Let's dance, Jeff.

JEFF
Gladly.

They get up to dance and as they step to the floor they are out of sight, since the floor is packed with couples. Ann dances closer to Jeff, for David's benefit.

182 MED. CLOSE SHOT - David, brunette and escort. David is a little relieved and his mouth stops working, but now he rolls his eyes back to where he is leaning and meets the expression on the escort's face. The escort looks at him a long second and David draws back.

ESCORT
(to brunette)
Do you care to dance, dear?

The brunette starts to get out, the waiter helping to pivot the table free. The table pivots away from David's side so that the brunette gets out first, followed by the escort, who must pass David.

ESCORT (cont'd)
(quietly, but with
a great deal of
authority, as advice)
You're looking for trouble,
buddy.

The waiter pivots the table back as the couple passes.

183 MED. CLOSE SHOT - David and Gertie. Gertie has gotten a piece of pheasant loose and chews lustily.

GERTIE

(to David - showing
him a piece in her hand)
You know what this peasant is?
Nothing but chicken, and tough
chicken at that.

(she chews into it,
shaking her head)
Three bucks for this. With a
couple of French fries. What
a racket!

All her attention is riveted on the food, leaving David free to worry about Ann peering on this side of the dance floor and seeing him without the gorgeous brunette at his side. He looks at the door yearningly.

184 MED. CLOSE SHOT - of group.

DAVID

(to Chuck, suddenly)
Gertie isn't crazy about the
food here. I think we ought
to go some place else.

GERTIE

It's getting better. You gotta
work on it a little.

CHUCK

Relax, relax.
(he too, is busy
with his food)

185 MED. CLOSE SHOT - David. He is looking ahead at the dance floor again frantically. He is desperate. He feels his nose tenderly. He winces as he touches it. Looking to the left to see whether he's observed, he clenches his fist and, trying to be unobserved, punches himself on the nose. He jumps at the pain. Tenderly he puts his hand to his nose and sees, unfortunately, that he is not bleeding. Now he's determined. He takes the saltcellar from in front of him and looks at it. He puts the saltcellar in a napkin and holds it in his fist. His actions are like those of a man going to his doom. Closing his eyes and steeling himself, he raps himself smartly on the nose with his fist. He grabs his handkerchief from his breast pocket and holding his head back, puts it to his nose and then sees that it has begun to bleed slightly. He is happy, though in agony.

186 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Group.

DAVID
(almost joyously to
the group; nasally)
My nose stadded do bleed
again. I gouda go home.

David has gotten halfway up and is feeling for the lever to pivot the table out when Gertie, with a mouth full of food, springs into action.

GERTIE
That's all right! I can stop
a nose bleed!

She pushes David down and flat on his back, and since the brunette and escort have left, there is room for this

GERTIE (cont'd)
(pretty loudly)
Waiter, get me a hunk of ice!

The waiter, fearful that this is an accident, hands Gertie the glass tumbler of water in which there is floating ice.

187 MED. CLOSE SHOT - David and Gertie. David is protesting and would like to get up but Gertie is practically astride him. The waiter pivots the table open to give Gertie more room, and which also permits almost everyone to see the scene.

DAVID
Let me up!

GERTIE
(sticking the ice on
David's upper lip)
Just take it easy. I know how
to stop it. I used to fix two
of these a night at the dance
hall!

The waiter hovers nervously around. Other people are joining the small circle of onlookers.

138 MED. FULL SHOT - Group.

GERTIE
(proud to be in
the limelight)
Gimme a knife! A cold one!

The waiter hands her a knife. She presses the blade under David's nose and taking the ice in her other hand, puts it under the back of David's neck. David is still trying to utter some kind of unintelligible sounds.

GERTIE (cont'd)
Just don't talk.
(she isn't at all
excited; to the waiter)
Say, Johnny, put that chicken
back on the stove, will you?

The waiter, a little bewildered, takes the plate away from the table. More people are pressing around the scene.

GERTIE (cont'd)
(good-naturedly)
This is nothing at all, folks.
Just step back and give the guy
air, will you?

David, only able to move his eyes, looks up at this group. A couple which has just pushed to the foreground is Ann and Jeff. Ann is really frightened on seeing David, and Jeff holds her. He, too, is concerned. Another couple pushes through and it is the brunette and the escort. They are side by side.

189 MED. CLOSE SHOT - David - REVERSE ANGLE - As he looks up at Ann with imploring eyes, the knife blade still across his upper lip and the ice on the back of his neck.

190 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Group of Ann, Jeff, brunette and escort. The escort is shaking his head.

ESCORT
(to Ann)
The way he was acting, I knew
he'd get a punch on the nose.

(CONTINUED)

190 (CONTINUED)

JEFF

Come, Ann.

He takes her by the arm and turns her away from the group.

191 MED. CLOSE SHOT - David and Gertie. David sees all this, following Ann with his eyes.

GERTIE

(loudly)

Hand me another cold knife,
somebody.

She holds her hand out. Somebody off scene gives her another knife.

DAVID

(weakly; relaxing)

Just cut my throat with it.

DISSOLVE OUT

(END OF PART I)

EXT. STORK CLUB - NIGHT

192 MED. TRUCK SHOT - Ann and Jeff as they exit from the club.

JEFF

(to the
starter)
Cab, please.

There is a canopy from the club entrance to the street and Jeff, holding Ann under the arm, takes her into the waiting cab, tipping the doorman.

DOORMAN

Thank you. Good night.

INT. CAB - NIGHT - (PROCESS)

193 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Jeff is concerned about Ann's reaction to what she has seen.

JEFF

If you're upset, I'll gladly
take you home.

ANN

(a little
overdone)
Upset? Why? Because I saw
David with Florence Nightingale?
(laughs in a
rather forced
fashion)
I don't care who holds a knife
to him.
(an afterthought
- bitterly)
Although I certainly wish I had
the chance.

JEFF

Is there some place you'd like
to go?

ANN

(with a rather
false gaiety)
We'll paint the town red! I
feel like staying up all night
tonight....I know -- let's go
to the Fair.

Jeff isn't really very anxious to visit the Fair, but wants to please Ann.

JEFF
(trying to
stifle a
yawn)
Good idea!

DISSOLVE

EXT. WORLD'S FAIR - NIGHT

194 LONG SHOT - a FULL SHOT of the Fair in the half-light.

DISSOLVE

EXT. WORLD'S FAIR - NIGHT

195 LONG SHOT - another view of the Fair. This time we are among the various side-shows of the Fun Fair. Most prominent of all is the Parachute Drop Machine.

DISSOLVE

EXT. PARACHUTE MACHINE - NIGHT

196 SEMI-LONG SHOT - Ann and Jeff get out of one of the motor push-carts and gaze up at the ascending and descending parachutes.

197 SEMI-CLOSEUP - Ann and Jeff gazing up.

198 LONG SHOT - from their eyeline we see exactly how the parachutes work. A couple are taken up in a chair made of straps of webbing. The moment they reach the top the parachute is electrically released and they descend rapidly, finishing up with quite a bump at the bottom.

199 SEMI-CLOSEUP - Ann turns from the machine and looks at Jeff invitingly. Jeff is gazing up at the thing doubtfully. He feels it would be below his dignity.

DISSOLVE OUT

INT. PARACHUTE MACHINE - NIGHT

200 SEMI-CLOSEUP - Ann and Jeff ascending. We still see traces of her efforts to be very gay as she says:

ANN
I've never been so happy in all
my life -- this is a wonderful
evening.

EXT. PARACHUTE MACHINE - NIGHT

201 SEMI-LONG SHOT - we see their parachute nearly reaching the top.

INT. PARACHUTE MACHINE - NIGHT

202 SEMI-CLOSEUP - as they go the last few feet Ann is squealing a little.

ANN
Wonderful! Just wonderful! I'm
so carefree -- I feel so gay....
it's like floating on air.

EXT. PARACHUTE MACHINE - NIGHT

203 SEMI-LONG SHOT - we see their parachute reach the top and then be released -- it starts to descend rapidly.

INT. PARACHUTE MACHINE - NIGHT

204 SEMI-CLOSEUP - Ann and Jeff. Jeff is taking the dive with as much dignity as he can command; while Ann is closing her eyes and screaming ecstatically. Suddenly the things stops with a jerk.

ANN
Oops!

Ann looks up at the wires and then down below.

EXT. PARACHUTE MACHINE - NIGHT

205 SEMI-LONG SHOT - from Ann's eyeline we see a crowd stopping and looking up.

INT. PARACHUTE MACHINE - NIGHT

206 SEMI-CLOSEUP - Ann looks down and then across to Jeff.
She laughs hollowly and hopefully.

ANN
Ha! Ha! That's very clever.
They're making believe we're
stuck.

Jeff leans out precariously.

JEFF
(downrightly)
We are stuck.

ANN
(depressed)
That's what I thought.

She starts to lean out a little apprehensively.

ANN (cont'd)
Why don't they do something?

She shakes the seat violently as though to loosen the
thing.

JEFF
(alarmed)
Keep calm, Ann -- don't be
frightened -- it's much
better to stay where we are.

EXT. PARACHUTE MACHINE - NIGHT

207 SEMI-LONG SHOT - on the ground below an interested crowd
is still collecting. Nearby some other couples descend
safely from their parachutes. We see two or three
attendants busily working on the machine that is stuck.

208 SEMI-LONG SHOT - one man who has descended safely
approaches one of the attendants.

ARDENT SWAIN
(fiercely)
Hand over that five dollars!

(CONTINUED)

208 (CONTINUED)

The attendant turns and reacts in surprise. Upon seeing the man he exclaims:

ATTENDANT

Holy mackerel!

ARDENT SWAIN

I gave you five dollars to get me and my girl stuck up there -- not them.

He points in the direction of the unfortunate Ann and Jeff. With a dumb expression the attendant takes out the five dollar bill from his breast pocket, still staring up towards the stuck parachute. He passes it over. The attendant returns to his job of assisting in the release of Ann and Jeff.

209 SEMI-LONG SHOT - on a view of Ann and Jeff still suspended in mid-air, the scene,

FADES OUT

INT. PARACHUTE MACHINE - NIGHT

210 SEMI-CLOSEUP - Ann and Jeff are still in their unfortunate position, but the rain is driving bitterly across them. Jeff has divested himself of his light overcoat and jacket. Ann wears the jacket over her shoulders and the overcoat over her knees. Her hat and veil are very wet and her hair clings to her cheeks; otherwise she is perfectly dry. It is Jeff who is the victim of the inclement weather. His shirt is wringing wet and clings to him like a wet dishcloth. Ann turns to him and surveys him with a kind, soft, thoughtful expression.

ANN

(simply)

You're soaked through.

Jeff, his teeth clenched and looking down once more to see how they're getting on, looks back at her bravely.

JEFF

It's nothing.

As he shakes his head a cascade of water runs from his hat. He is caught with a quick, involuntary sneeze.

JEFF (cont'd)

Excuse me.

ANN

You're catching cold.

JEFF

(protesting
bravely
through sneezes)

It's only a little snuffle.

ANN

(impressed)

You know what David does if he sneezes twice in one evening? -- He goes to bed with four hot water bottles, a quart of brandy, and a red woolen cap over his head. You should see him in bed with that red woolen cap.

(CONTINUED)

Jeff is looking down anxiously below and is not really interested in what Ann is saying. She continues:

ANN (cont'd)
The moment we get down we'll
go to your apartment and get
you into some dry clothes.

Jeff looks at her in slight surprise.

JEFF
My apartment?

ANN
(nodding)
Mmm...

Jeff looks at her, still a little worried by this suggestion of Ann's. He raises his head as though about to give vent to his biggest sneeze of all. As he does so he leans across Ann with outstretched hand. Ann looks at him in alarm and recoils. But all Jeff does is take a handkerchief from the breast pocket of the coat she is wearing and apply it quickly to his nose and mouth as he says:

JEFF
Excuse me.

He gives a loud sneeze into the handkerchief, while Ann looks a little sheepish for her unnecessary fear.

DISSOLVE

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

211 The living room is a step down from the small landing which is the hallway entrance, and it is through this door that Jeff and Ann are now entering. Ann, surveying the living room - a comfortable masculine room full of books and student lamps.

ANN
What a beautiful room.

She comes down onto the landing, followed by Jeff. He has the wet coat which Ann has been wearing over his arm. He throws it across the railing.

ANN (cont'd)

No wonder you've never gotten married. Who did this for you, Jeff?

JEFF

(delighted)

I did it myself. Do you like the color scheme?

ANN

(as she walks directly to the entrance leading to the bedroom, to see every room)

You did? David couldn't tell you what color our walls are. He could be living in a tent.

(she stops at the doorway to the bedroom)

This is the most tasteful man's bedroom I've ever seen.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

212 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann. She stands a foot in from the door. Jeff appears behind her.

JEFF

(a little self-conscious)

Thank you.

(he snuffles a little)

Would you excuse me? I'm going to get into something more comfortable.

He goes to the left, which is the entrance to his dressing room and bedroom, softly closing the door behind her. Ann is not conscious he is gone since she is so eagerly looking the room over. The door to Jeff's dressing room which he has silently closed has hanging from it a decorative bone powder horn. As the door is closed, the horn swings, pendulum-like.

(CONTINUED)

ANN
(stepping back,
the better to
admire the room)
You've got a real talent for
this.

INSERT MED. CLOSE SHOT OF POWDER HORN as it
swings against that part of Ann which
reaches it.

ANN'S VOICE (cont'd)
If you ever gave up law --

The powder horn just comes into contact with Ann, rubbing
against her. It does not stop its swinging. Ann's voice
changes involuntarily as she finishes the sentence.

ANN'S VOICE (cont'd)
(grimly)
-- you could be an interior
decorator.

213 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann, her face is hardened into a
knowing look as she is conscious of what she thinks is
a familiarity from Jeff.

INSERT MED. CLOSE SHOT OF SWINGING POWDER HORN
which is slowing up but which is still
getting in two or three intimate rubs.

214 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann. Jeff, she thinks, is just about
to get told off. Ann whirls around, and there's the
horn. She looks at it quizzically. That's better.
There is the sound of running water from the dressing
room to which she looks. She shakes her head and starts
toward the living room, taking off her cape.

DISSOLVE

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

215 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann is absorbed in solitaire. She
looks up as Jeff enters living room. He is attired in
white tie and tails and still sniffing.

ANN
(in surprise)
Is that your idea of something
more comfortable?

JEFF

I only have one dinner coat.

ANN

Did you expect to go out again
in your condition?

JEFF

This hasn't been much of an
evening for you -

ANN

Don't you ever think of
yourself?

She gets up and walks briskly to the open liquor tray.

ANN (cont'd)

What you need, young man, is a
little medical attention.

JEFF

(protesting)
I feel fine, Ann.

Ann brings back a tumbler and a brandy decanter.

ANN

(taking command
of the whole
thing)
You sit right down there.

Jeff does.

216 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann and Jeff. Ann is pouring into
this old-fashioned glass quite a slug of brandy.

ANN

Two big swallows of this and
there'll be one less pneumonia
case tomorrow.

JEFF

(looking at
the size of
the outpouring)
Is that for me?

(CONTINUED)

ANN
(handing it
to him)
All in one gulp now.

JEFF
(apologetically)
I don't drink liquor. I just
keep it for David --
(he forgot
himself)
and friends.

ANN
You mean you never drink liquor?

JEFF
(at great pains
to explain this)
I haven't anything against other
people drinking it, mind you,
but I just never seemed to get
around to breaking training --
from my football days, you
know. I eat four different
vegetables a day.

ANN
(impressed)
Really?

JEFF
Oh yes. When I was a young man
I attended a temperance lecture
and it was very instructive.
I've never forgotten it.
(starting in)
This man was explaining the
evils of liquor, and there was
a drunk who kept interrupting
him from the audience, so the
lecturer had the drunk come up
to the platform. He asked the
drunk to open one eye and then
the lecturer took an eye-dropper
full of whiskey and squirted it
into this man's eye. Well,
you've never heard such hollering
in your life. His whole eye
became inflamed and the lecturer
pointed out that the lining of
the stomach was exactly the same
composition as your eyeball and
I've never been able to forget
that.

(CONTINUED)

ANN
(whose sympathies
are entirely for
the poor drunk)
That was kind of a dirty trick.

JEFF
(without seeing
the humor of it)
And do you know what happened
then? The drunk went out and
came back a few minutes later
and went up on the lecture
platform and asked the lecturer
to open his eye, and you know
what he did?

ANN
(eagerly)
What?

JEFF
He jammed a whole handful of
shredded wheat in the lecturer's
eye and turned to the audience
and said, that's what shredded
wheat does to the lining of
your stomach.

ANN
It served him right.

Jeff sneezes - a short one.

ANN (cont'd)
Well, this isn't alcohol, it's
medicine.

JEFF
(doubtful)
If you think I ought to take it -

ANN
Yes, I do.

Jeff takes the glass.

ANN (cont'd)
Now one big gulp.

(CONTINUED)

Jeff drinks the whole glass down and Ann watches him, her face screwed up as she expects Jeff to climb the ceiling. It's just so much water to him. Ann looks at him in amazement.

ANN (cont'd)

Don't you feel it? Doesn't it burn you or anything?

JEFF

(clinically)

No, I've tried this before. It's very interesting. I don't mind the taste of it...the only thing is my metabolism must be very high because I'm not one of these strong silent men who can hold their liquor, I am very sorry to say.

ANN

I've never seen anybody hold it as well. I don't think one is going to do you any good.

(she starts to pour another)

JEFF

I think another one would be a mistake.

ANN

I think an All-American fullback needs more than one.

(she pours out another full tumbler)

Drink up, brother.

JEFF

There's a great deal of alcohol in that.

ANN

It's all medicine. Kills the germs.

JEFF

Your good health!

(CONTINUED)

And there he goes drinking it in nice, easy gulps, like water. He doesn't put the glass from his lips until he has finished. He puts it down. Ann watches him absorbed. She utters a low whistle.

ANN

What a constitution!

Jeff just looks at her. He doesn't say a word. Ann is watching every flicker of his expression. He is a little too tight-lipped suddenly.

ANN (cont'd)

Oh, oh!

He just keeps staring at her. He grins at her and rolls his eyes. Ann leans back a little. She's a little frightened now.

JEFF

(very slightly)

Wup.

Ann jumps more than he does. On Jeff's face comes a look of extreme displeasure with himself.

ANN

Maybe that second one was too much?

Jeff just moves his lips when he talks - otherwise he just stares at her.

JEFF

Miss Ann -

(he is very
Southern now -
a nice thick
dialect)

May Ah beg your leave for a moment?

ANN

(uncertainly)

Certainly.

Jeff gets up slowly and very dignifiedly, turns stiffly toward the bedroom and walks toward it. He is only slightly unsteady, holding himself very rigidly. Ann gets up to follow him.

217 MED. CLOSE SHOT - at bedroom door as Jeff goes
through it and closes the door behind him. Ann looks
at the door. There is the sound of the lock being turned.

ANN
(puzzled)
Are you feeling all right?

JEFF'S VOICE
Miss Ann, if you'll excuse me
for a moment, I'll merely take
a hot and cold shower which I
have found counterattacks --
counterbacks --

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

218 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Jeff is trying his best to maintain
his poise.

JEFF
It counteracts the alcohol.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

219 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann.

ANN
(concerned)
You can't take any shower.
You'll get pneumonia. You
come right out here.

JEFF'S VOICE
That would be very unwise.

ANN
You open this door.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

220 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Jeff. He is under great strain and we
see the alcohol pushing him into a revelation he cannot
stop.

JEFF
Ann, I have long had a deep
affection for you. I would not
like to do anything under the
stimulus of alcohol which might
embarrass you. Please forgive me.

ANN'S VOICE

(touched by
this high-
mindedness)
I trust you, Jeff. You can
come out.
(she rattles
the door)
Open the door, Jeff.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

221 The bolt is heard unlocking and Jeff opens the door. He is still rigid and fixed in his staring. Ann has never seen anything like this before and can't get her eyes off him. Ann takes him by the arm.

ANN

Now you just come right over
here and sit down.

JEFF

I wouldn't want to get bold -

ANN

We'll keep the table between us.

222 MED. CLOSE TRUCK SHOT - as she escorts him back to where he was seated and lowers him into the chair. There is no drunken sway to Jeff's movements, just a rigidity.

ANN

(settling him
into the chair)
There you are.
(as she crosses
to the opposite
chair)
I'll sit right here.

223 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Jeff and Ann with the table between them.

JEFF

My only fear is that I may not
act like a gentleman.

(CONTINUED)

ANN

(sincerely)

I always say that a man's true character comes out when he's had one drink too many. Do you want to know the basic difference between you and David? You give him one too many and he tilts forward at you, and you, Jeff, you lean backwards.

JEFF

(elaborately)

Thank you.

ANN

(getting
confidential)

I'll tell you another thing. All evening I've been waiting for just one little suspicious move from you. There isn't one man in a thousand who wouldn't take out a girl in my position and just try something - no matter how faint -- it would still be something. And look how wonderful you're acting.

JEFF

Thank you.

ANN

The very first time I was out with David he ruined a brand new eighty-five dollar dress I had.

(she thinks
about it)

He was just awful. He didn't change the first whole year we were married either. (I used to think maybe it was the things he ate. I tried changing his diet around and everything.)
(Alternate line for Censor: Omit lines in bracket)

JEFF

Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

ANN
(brought back
to reality)
I'm going to leave you now.
You cover up warm in bed and
get a good night's sleep.

Jeff rises to his feet as he sees Ann getting up.

JEFF
(formally)
I intend to take you home, Ann.

ANN
Absolutely not!

JEFF
Thank you.

Jeff walks, one foot in front of the other, to the door with Ann. She watches him, expecting any moment for him to either burst or keel over.

224 MED. CLOSE SHOT - at door. Ann, having picked up her cape as she walked, has put it around her.

ANN
Good night, Jeff.

JEFF
Good night, Ann.

Ann looks at him and is touched by his goodness and sincerity.

ANN
(sincerely-
without conceit)
You're probably dying to kiss
me good night and haven't got
the nerve.

JEFF
(simply)
That's true.

(CONTINUED)

ANN
(she feels it's
her duty)
You may.

JEFF
But I have a cold.

ANN
That's very considerate of you.

She offers her cheek and Jeff bends down and kisses her.

JEFF
Thank you.

ANN
There's another difference
between you and David. Colds
never stopped him.
(she thinks
about it
again)
He had the measles once.
(she shakes
her head
reflectively)
How I didn't get the measles
I'll never know.
(she brings
herself back
to earth)
Good night, Jeff.

JEFF
Good night, Ann.

She opens the door and she's out.

EXT. JEFF'S APARTMENT DOOR - NIGHT

225 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann. She looks back at the door with
admiration for this wonderful character. She starts out.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. HALLWAY - OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

226 Outside office door of David's and Jeff's suite. Into shot featuring the office door that reads "VAN AND CUSTER" comes an elderly, well-dressed, distinguished couple. This is Jeff's father and mother. Father's hat is a little too wide in the brim, and we think he uses brilliantine on his mustache. What more could be said about them than that they are the type of people who think "Gone With The Wind" presented both sides in the Civil War. For further discussion of this call OXford 6081. The parents look at each other and at the name plate on the door, proud.

MRS. CUSTER
(is she Southern)
Shouldn't Jefferson's name
come first?

MR. CUSTER
(more Southern
than Mother;
knowingly)
Well, it's alphabetical order.

He opens the door for his wife to enter. As Mother goes through the door...they're still polite to each other after thirty years.

MRS. CUSTER
Thank you, Ashley.

INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY

227 MED. SHOT. The two secretaries look up expectantly.

MR. CUSTER
Young lady, ah'd like to be
announced to mah son.

JEFF'S SECRETARY
Why, you're Mr. Custer's father.

MRS. CUSTER
(surprised)
How could you tell?

The secretary jumps from the chair and crosses to the door to open it.

(CONTINUED)

227 (CONTINUED)

SECRETARY

Mr. Custer, your parents are
here!

Jeff, who can be seen at the desk from the office, sees
his parents and eagerly starts toward them.

228 MED. CLOSE SHOT - group. The parents start into the
office as Jeff comes around the desk toward them, meeting
inside the office. The secretary will close the door
behind her.

JEFF

Mother! Father!

MR. CUSTER

Son!

MRS. CUSTER

Baby!

JEFF

(hugs his mother)

What a surprise!

(shakes hands
with his father)

Why didn't you tell me you were
coming North?

Father chuckles.

MRS. CUSTER

You know how Father felt about
the North, but since he saw
'Gone With the Wind' he feels
kinder toward them.

MR. CUSTER

A very fair-minded picture. I
don't remember a Southern family
called Selznick, do you, Son?

JEFF

No, no I don't.

MRS. CUSTER

Georgia probably.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF

Sit down, Mother. Now tell me what you're doing here.

MRS. CUSTER

(seating herself)

The truth is we're going to Lake Placid. We've always talked about spending a vacation in the snow and we're going to do it, and we didn't know there'd be almost two hours between trains.

MR. CUSTER

So we just thought we'd run up and visit with you for a few minutes without taking you away from your work.

JEFF

I wish I could show you the city or something. It's such a short time.

MRS. CUSTER

We just want to sit here and have our boy tell us everything that's happened to him.

JEFF

I write you everything in my letters.

(he thinks about it
and he puts his
head down)

Well, not everything. I've met someone.

MRS. CUSTER

(delighted)

A girl?

MR. CUSTER

Jefferson, my boy.

JEFF

She's a wonderful girl.

(CONTINUED)

MR. CUSTER

How could you find a Southern girl up here?

JEFF

She's not exactly a Southern girl. She could be from the South though if she'd been born there. Her character, I mean.

MRS. CUSTER

(fluttering)

I'm so glad, Jefferson. You're making us so happy. Father and I often talk about your settling down.

MR. CUSTER

This girl isn't from the South, Hannah.

MRS. CUSTER

Cousin Thomas married a girl from New Jersey and she turned out just wonderful.

MR. CUSTER

I always contended she had Southern blood in her veins.

JEFF

You know what I could do? I'm having lunch with her. Maybe she'd come here a little earlier and you can meet her.

MRS. CUSTER

(eagerly)

Ask her!

Jeff presses his desk button and his secretary opens the door.

MR. CUSTER

That'd be very nice.

JEFF

Would you get Miss Krausheimer on the phone?

INT. ANN'S BEDROOM - DAY

229 Ann is in bed with a breakfast tray in front of her, nibbling, as Lily enters.

LILY

Mr. Custer is on the phone again.

ANN

(picks up the
phone; sweetly)

Hello, Jeff.

INT. JEFF'S OFFICE - DAY

230 MED. CLOSE SHOT. The parents beam at each other.

JEFF

Good morning. You sound wonderful this morning, Ann. Did you try that program I outlined for you - the deep breathing exercises and everything? How did you like the dumbbells I gave you?

INT. ANN'S BEDROOM - DAY

231 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann. She is just swallowing another bit of ladyfinger.

ANN

They're just wonderful. I was just using them when you called me. Oh, no, they're not too heavy at all. Never bothered me a bit.

INT. JEFF'S OFFICE - DAY

232 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Jeff.

JEFF

Well, with all that exercise you must be hungry now. We could have lunch a little earlier but you'd have to do me a very big favor. Would you - only if you'd want to do this now, Ann - could you please come to my office because my parents are here and I'd so like them to meet you. They've only a short while between trains. My father and mother are right here looking at me while I'm talking to you.

233 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann.

ANN
(touched)
I'd love to meet them, Jeff...
Certainly I would. I'll be
right there in two minutes.
(hangs up and
starts out of
bed)
Lily - Lily!

DISSOLVE

EXT. VAN APARTMENT HOUSE - DAY

234 MED. FULL SHOT - Ann, smartly dressed, exits from the building, and the starter, seeing her exit, waves for one of the waiting cabs to pull up to the canopy.

235 MED. FULL SHOT - of Ann getting into the cab as the doorman tips his hat. At this distance we cannot hear Ann speak to the cab driver. The cab starts.

INT. DAVID'S CAB - DAY - (PROCESS)

236 MED. CLOSE SHOT - We can see the driver, Harold and David. David is reading a book and eating a sandwich. There are newspapers in the car, a few pipes, a can of tobacco, a folded overcoat and a thermos bottle of coffee. While David is engrossed in the book, Harold has been peering off scene. He is drinking coffee out of a cardboard container. The impression is that quite a vigil has been going on.

DRIVER
(starting the cab)
Here we go again!

David is galvanized into action. He peers excitedly from the cab window. The driver hands David the cardboard container of coffee to leave himself free for driving.

DRIVER (cont'd)
I hope she's not going to visit
her mother out in Long Island
again.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

I don't think so.

DRIVER

My wife don't like me to do this. This is like driving private. I don't get any freedom.

DAVID

(never taking
his eyes off
Ann's cab)

You're getting paid, aren't you?

DRIVER

You owe me some more money.

DAVID

I gave you twenty dollars day before yesterday.

DRIVER

You used that up the first two days.

DAVID

I'll pay you later. Just don't lose her.

DRIVER

(after a second)

How'd you become a private detective anyway?

David sits on the little jump seat, the better to see the cab ahead and which also makes his conversation to the cab driver easier.

DAVID

My whole family were private detectives.

DRIVER

(shaking his head)

This must be costing her husband a pile of dough. And you want to hear my opinion?

DAVID

What?

DRIVER

You ain't gonna catch her at anything. She's pretty foxy.

DAVID

Oh, I don't know.

DRIVER

You know what we oughta do - you and me?

DAVID

What?

DRIVER

Let's go to a burlesque show. This dame ain't gonna do nothing this afternoon.

DAVID

That's just when you catch them. In the afternoon.

DRIVER

(impressed)

No kidding.

(he thinks)

That's funny.

DAVID

What is?

DRIVER

Where does my wife go every afternoon?

David looks at him.

DISSOLVE

EXT. VAN'S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

237

Ann's cab driver pulls up to the curb and the driver opens the door, not getting out of the cab, just putting his arm back, to let Ann out. Ann looks in her purse to pay him.

INT. DAVID'S CAB - DAY

238 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Our driver slows down to the curb.

DAVID
(excitedly)
She's going to visit me!

239 REVERSE ANGLE - Ann is entering the office building.

240 MED. CLOSE SHOT - David and cab driver. David opens the door of the cab and quickly exits, starting toward the building.

DISSOLVE

INT. HALL - DAVID'S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

241 David exits from the elevator door and walks down the hall. He enters his office.

INT. DAVID'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

242 MED. CLOSE SHOT.

TWO SECRETARIES
(in unison)
Good morning, Mr. Van.

DAVID
Good morning.

DAVID'S SECRETARY
There's someone waiting for
you in your office --

David holds his hand up knowingly as he walks right to his office.

DAVID
Perfectly all right.

He opens the door jauntily.

INT. DAVID'S OFFICE - DAY

243 MED. CLOSE SHOT. David stops in surprise as he sees who the visitor really is. This is a middle-aged mad-looking individual who is fully stretched out on the couch and is now looking toward David. His name is Conway. He sits up quickly.

CONWAY

Well, Mr. Van, it's about time.

DAVID

(taken aback)

How do you do, Mister - er -

CONWAY

You've even forgotten my name!

(sarcasm)

I'm a client of yours! I paid you a thousand dollars retainer fee to sue my brother-in-law! My name's Conway.

DAVID

Mr. Conway - certainly.

(flustered)

Won't you be seated?

Conway looks down. He is sitting on the couch now. He gets up.

CONWAY

I made up my mind to see you if it would take me all week. And it has taken me all week. Where have you been?

DAVID

Just relax, Mr. Connolly. We've got your brother-in-law where we want him. You lie down here and I'll go get the files in the case.

CONWAY

My name is Conway.

(grumpily)

I've been sleeping so much in here I can't sleep at home.

David opens the door quickly and gets out.

244

DAVID

(to his
secretary)
Where'd my wife go?

DAVID'S SECRETARY

She's in Mr. Custer's office.

JEFF'S SECRETARY

Mr. Custer's parents surprised
him.

DAVID

(looking from
one girl to
the other)
They're all in there?

JEFF'S SECRETARY

Yes.

David's eyes narrow as he considers this complication.
Determinedly he straightens his shoulders and starts
toward Jeff's door.

DAVID'S SECRETARY

But what about Mr. Conway?

David waves him away. He opens the door to Jeff's office
and enters. In sharp contrast to his grimness, is his
opening line, soft and sweet.

DAVID

Hello, Jeff.

245 A nice cozy chat has been interrupted. Mr. and Mrs. Custer have been getting along famously with Ann, who is now glaring at David. Jeff is disturbed at David's presence.

DAVID

(politely
to group)

Excuse me just a minute, folks.

(very
businesslike)

Jeff, what are we going to do about poor old Conway? His brother-in-law has him where it hurts and I've been thinking a great deal about it --

MRS. CUSTER

(interrupting)

Why, you're David Van!

David looks at her in surprise.

MR. CUSTER

(standing up)

Jefferson's partner!

JEFF

(trapped)

This is David Van - my parents.

DAVID

(to mother)

How do you do.

Mister Custer and David shake hands.

DAVID (cont'd)

(to father)

I'm happy to know you.

MR. CUSTER

The pleasure's all mine, suh.

MRS. CUSTER

We know so much about you. Jefferson has just written and written. You're like one of the family.

(to Ann)

This is Mr. Van, Jefferson's partner, Miss Ann Krausheimer.

ANN

We met some time ago.

DAVID

We know each other very well.

MRS. CUSTER

Why, of course, you've probably seen a great deal of her.

DAVID

(nodding his
head -
meaningfully)

Yes, I have. A great deal.
I wasn't interrupting anything,
was I?

MR. CUSTER

Sit right down, boy. We'll all
get acquainted at once.

Custer is a nice jovial fellow, bubbling over. This is
a regular get acquainted bee.

MR. CUSTER (cont'd)

(to Jeff)

Mother and I just met Ann and
we find out now that they're
both mighty sweet on each other.

MRS CUSTER.

Ashley!

MR. CUSTER

David probably knows it better
than we do, don't you David?

DAVID

If it wasn't for me, they'd've
never even gotten together.

MRS. CUSTER

That's so romantic.

MR. CUSTER

(to Ann)

Any of your family from the
South?

ANN

(who has been
on tenterhooks)

No, not exactly. But in the
Civil War I had a relative in
the North who didn't fight at
all.

(hopefully)

He was a slacker.

MR. CUSTER

(approvingly)

A great many Northerners saw
it that way, ma'am, and I give
them credit.

MRS. CUSTER

You know what I was thinking?

ANN

What, Mrs. Custer?

MRS. CUSTER

If two people wanted to go on a
honeymoon, they could take the
boat to New Orleans and motor
right up through the South to
our home.

MR. CUSTER

A boat's a wonderful place for
two people.

DAVID

(so it's gotten
this far, has it?)

That wouldn't be so good for Ann.

(he shakes
his head)

Remember how sick you got when
we took the night boat to Albany?

(to the parents)

She's not a very good sailor.

(to Jeff)

I can give you some practical
advice about Ann, too. Don't
let her eat anything on a boat -
even if she wants to. You put
her to bed and put a hot water
bottle on her stomach - and
hold it there - no matter how
she hollers. That settles her
stomach.

(CONTINUED)

The Custers are looking at each other.

ANN
(white - to
the Custers)
He considers himself quite a
medical authority.

MR. CUSTER
(forcing a grin)
Yes.

ANN
How do you like New York,
Mrs. Custer?

MRS. CUSTER
(flustered)
Fine. It's so big, though,
with everybody rushing around.

DAVID
That's kind of deceiving though.
We're really one big happy
family here - a thousand little
things that you don't see on the
surface. And that reminds me -
(to Ann)
Shouldn't my laundry be back by
now? I'm all out of shorts.

The parents look at each other and then toward Jefferson.

JEFF
(helplessly)
Ann kind of took care of his
things around the house.

ANN
(helping out)
Little household things.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

(nodding
solemnly)

Best little housekeeper you
ever saw.

(to parents)

I'll bet you're curious about
us. It's very simple. I saw
a great deal of Ann here and
wanted to marry her...and
still want to marry her, but -

(he stretches
his hand out)

- fortunes of war.

MRS. CUSTER

Oh.

MR. CUSTER

I see.

DAVID

And let me tell you something.

(he points
with his
finger)

I know of no finer compliment
I can give this girl than to
tell you this. When a man
has been sitting across the
breakfast table from a woman
for three solid years and still
wants to marry her, she has to
be quite a girl.

He looks at Ann and nods approvingly at her.

MR. CUSTER

(standing up)

Jefferson, may I see you in
private, please?

Jeff stands up.

MR. CUSTER (cont'd)

Come, mother.

Mrs. Custer stands up. Mr. Custer strides to the
opposite door and holds his hand on the knob.

MR. CUSTER (cont'd)

(to David
and Ann)

Exit Custer.

DAVID

(airily)
Certainly.

Jeff has come up to his father, who still has his hand on the knob.

JEFF
(indicating the
opposite door)
We could go in there.

MR. CUSTER
(stern)
In here, Jefferson.

He opens the door and without looking, talks to his wife.

MR. CUSTER (cont'd)
This way, Mother.

Mrs. Custer dutifully marches in, followed by Jeff.

JEFF
(just before
he disappears)
Excuse me a minute, Ann.

Ann just nods weakly.

INT. JEFF'S WASHROOM - DAY

246 This door that Mr. Custer so confidently opened leads into a very small washroom containing a wash-basin and a medicine cabinet. It is a mighty little room. Mr. Custer is a little surprised to find out what he's gotten into but he's too far in to back out, and what he wants is immediate privacy with Jeff. He closes the door after him. We have three big people now standing breast to breast in this tiny room. All three are on their dignity and their noses are inches from each other. They all speak in a constrained loud whisper.

MR. CUSTER
What kind of white trash have
you taken up with?

JEFF
Father, I know it sounded
confusing.

MR. CUSTER
I wasn't confused at all.
What's he doing with a hot
water bottle on her stomach?

MRS. CUSTER
And sending his shorts to the
laundry?

MR. CUSTER
And three years of breakfasts?

JEFF
(in a
cold
sweat)
They had a very peculiar
relationship.

MR. CUSTER
Were they married?

JEFF
Not exactly.

MRS. CUSTER
Not exactly!

MR. CUSTER
I thought so.

There is a loud rumbling, which comes from a pipe right
between father and mother. The Custers become a little
frightened. There isn't any place they can move, however,
in this tiny cubicle.

JEFF
(apologizing)
The plumbing isn't very good
in this building. You mustn't
jump to any conclusions about
Ann.

INT. JEFF'S OFFICE - DAY

247 Ann and David. David is leaning back in his chair,
looking at the ceiling, whistling softly. Ann has her
arms folded and is looking right at him. It is clear
that David does not want to meet Ann's eyes. Ann gets
up and walks over to him.

ANN

(she starts
very quietly
and sincerely)

Are you satisfied now? Are
you satisfied to take two fine
people like that whose whole
lives are wrapped up in their
son and make them unhappy?

DAVID

(simply)

What about me being unhappy?

ANN

All you ever think about is
yourself. I can't see how you
could have been associated with
Jeff so long and not have
gotten some of his fine
qualities.

DAVID

What's fine about them?

ANN

He's kind and simple and gentle.

DAVID

(standing
up to her)

You're in one of your romantic
moods again. That's what's
caused all this trouble from
the beginning.

(an accusation)

And since when were you so
crazy about this gentle act?
Shall I recall for you how I
got this?

(he suddenly
shows her a
scar near
his hairline)

With a bed lamp.

249 CLOSE SHOT - Jeff and his parents. The humor of their being cramped this tightly never occurs to them, and they are still carrying on their dignified conversation. Jeff is in the middle of fiercely defending Ann.

JEFF

Only get to know her, and you'll find she's everything a man wants in a wife.

The plumbing quivers anew, the Custers wincing. It stops.

MR. CUSTER

Can't you get an office with better plumbing?

JEFF

Mother, I'm going to bring Ann up to Lake Placid next week end to visit you.

Mrs. Custer softens first.

MRS. CUSTER

Ashley, maybe we're being too hasty. We'll make reservations for the children for next week end.

MR. CUSTER

I don't want to ~~seem~~ too harsh, Mother. All right, Jefferson, we'll try and forget all this.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. LODGE - LAKE PLACID - DAY

249a LONG SHOT - A very attractively situated lodge hotel
at the snow resort of Lake Placid.

INT. LODGE - REGISTRATION DESK - DAY

250 MED. SHOT - Ann in attractive ski clothes, and wearing a
pair of loud knitted ski mittens. Jeff, also in ski
costume, approaches the desk, flanked by three bellboys
carrying their assorted luggage and skis. They rub their
hands from the cold.

CLERK

(welcoming
them)

How do you do.

ANN

(eagerly)

Is it too late to go skiing?

(CONTINUED)

CLERK

If you hurry, you can get
about an hour in.

ANN

We're going to hurry.
(to Jeff, who
is about to
sign)

Just make an X, Jeff.

251 MED. CLOSE SHOT - group at desk. Jeff is signing the register.

CLERK

(looking at
his name,
while Jeff
is writing)

Mr. Custer, I have a message
for you from your parents.

Jeff looks at him.

CLERK (cont'd)

They're on our excursion trip
to the lake and the group won't
be able to get back until later
tonight. The snow has blocked
all the roads.

252 CLOSE SHOT - Jeff looks up with a slightly apprehensive look. We see that he is greatly disturbed at their lack of chaperonage.

253 MED. CLOSE SHOT. Jeff offers the registration pad to Ann, who takes the pen in her mittened hand.

254 MED. CLOSE SHOT - of Ann trying to write, holding the pen in the huge mitten. She won't give up.

JEFF

I see. What floor are we on?

CLERK

Your rooms are not in the Lodge.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF

I thought they were.

CLERK

They were changed to one of the cabins.

JEFF

(looks toward Ann)
That's funny.

CLERK

I'm sure you'll find it very satisfactory. There's more privacy and a great many people prefer them.

ANN

That's all right, Jeff.

JEFF

How far is it from here?

CLERK

It's only half a mile and the sleigh brings you back and forth for meals. It gives you quite an appetite.

JEFF

They're not connecting rooms, are they?

Ann looks away.

CLERK

(he's not used to such high-mindedness, but he's a very good clerk)
No, they're separate suites.

JEFF

(still concerned)
Miss Krausheimer and I are not married, you know.

(CONTINUED)

CLERK

Well, sir, most people prefer to stay in the cabins -- we can't get them to stay here.

JEFF

I see.

CLERK

If I had my way, we'd have nothing but cabins. My theory is give the people what they want.

JEFF

(willing to stop this editorial - hastily)

Yes. Which way do we go?

CLERK

(to the boys)~

Boy, Cabin McKinley.

(amiably to Ann)

Each cabin is named after a president.

ANN

Very patriotic.

DISSOLVE

INT. SLEIGH - DAY - (PROCESS)

255 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann and Jeff. They are on the horse-drawn sleigh which is taking them to their cabin. They are on the front seat beside the driver. Behind them are two bellboys and the luggage. Ann is very happy, looking eagerly from side to side at the scenery. She breathes deeply.

ANN

(ecstatically)

Clean cold air!

(she breathes in deeply again)

This snow smells so wonderful.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF
(kind - just
as a
correction)
No one can smell snow.

ANN
(breathing
deeply
again, her
eyes closed)
I can.

Jeff is puzzled and sniffs tentatively. He turns and
looks back in the direction towards which they are going.

DISSOLVE OUT

(END OF PART II)

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. CABIN McKINLEY - DAY

256 LONG SHOT - A path has been cleared through the six feet of snow surrounding the large, rustic-looking cabin. (It will be noted that the snow action is confined to shots necessitating a minimum of background, and with the possible exception of the previous sleigh scene and views through windows, which can be done by process, can be shot entirely on the stage.) Jeff is directing the apportioning of the baggage. There are three doors leading to the three suites in the cabin. Ann is in the center, Jeff is to the right, and there is a partially open door to the left. Ann is still breathing deeply, and jumping up and down to peer over the banked snow.

JEFF

(to the bellboy,
correcting him)

The brown one in there. That's
it.

(to the
other boy)

Those skis in here.

257 SEMI-LONG SHOT - The boys disappear into the suites. The sleigh is still waiting to take them back. Ann, having taken off her gloves, has decided to wash her face in the snow. The CAMERA MOVES IN.

JEFF (cont'd)

(watches her
fondly)

Don't catch cold now, dear.

ANN

(happily)

Brrrrrr!

The boys exit from the suites and Jeff tips them.

JEFF

Here you are, boys.

FIRST BOY

Thank you.

SECOND BOY

Thank you, sir. Telephone when
you want to go to dinner and
the sleigh will be here in a few
minutes.

JEFF

That'll be fine.

SECOND BOY

The sleigh service is discontinued after ten o'clock at night, and so are the telephones. We try to make this a real retreat.

JEFF

That suits me.

258 CLOSE SHOT - Jeff. He looks at the boy, suddenly realizing the implication.

259 MED. CLOSE SHOT - the group.

FIRST BOY

Is there anything else we can do for you?

JEFF

No, thank you.

FIRST BOY

(bowing toward
the sleigh)
Thank you, sir.

Jeff and Ann stand side by side watching the sled start back.

260 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann and Jeff.

JEFF

(surveying
the scene)
A man has no right to ask anything more beautiful.

ANN

(noticing the
open door)
Somebody has the other suite.

JEFF

I'm glad of that.

(cheerily)

Well, on with our skis --

They both start to turn toward their own doors, but as Ann turns her gaze is riveted on something off scene. Jeff follows her gaze, and he too stares.

261 SEMI-LONG SHOT - At the corner of the cabin is the standing, slightly swaying, figure of David. He is staring dully at them. He is dressed in ski costume but is not wearing skis. He has a two days' growth of beard, spattered with snow, and his clothes are much the worse for wear. He looks blue with cold. He continues to stare at them, almost expressionlessly, without moving.

262 SEMI-CLOSEUP - Ann and Jeff. They both exclaim on seeing him.

JEFF

Why it's David!

ANN

(angrily)

What are you doing here?

263 SEMI-LONG SHOT - No sound comes from David. Almost as they finish speaking, he sways forward and falls inertly at their feet.

264 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann and Jeff start involuntarily.

ANN

Oh.

They bend over the fallen figure.

ANN (cont'd)

He's fainted!

JEFF

What's happened to him?

(CONTINUED)

ANN
(horror-stricken)
He's terribly ill!

JEFF
(grabbing at
his pulse)
Quite an even pulse.

ANN
(beside
herself)
Don't let him soak there!
Carry him in!

Jeff picks up David in his arms easily. He is as limp as a sack. Ann, fearful, cups his head in her two hands to elevate it. They start toward the cabin.

ANN (cont'd)
(fearfully)
Easy, Jeff, easy.

WIPE

EXT. MCKINLEY CABIN - DAY

265 Jeff kicks open the partially-opened door and carries David through it.

INT. DAVID'S SUITE - DAY

266 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Jeff crosses the corner of the living room, going directly to the bedroom.

ANN
(nervously)
He doesn't seem to be breathing.

INT. DAVID'S BEDROOM - DAY

267 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Jeff enters with David and puts him down on the bed. As Jeff turns David into the bed,

ANN
Look out for his head.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF

Don't worry, Ann. Control
yourself.

Jeff and Ann hover over David.

268 CLOSE SHOT - group. Very clear in this group on the bedside table, only a foot from David's head, is a large, silver-framed picture of Ann. Peculiarly enough, there is a double strip of adhesive plaster pasted on the glass of the frame, blocking off the section on which the inscription would be written. The picture is not noticed by Ann in her anxiety. Ann begins to rub his hand between her two palms, furiously, and looking anxiously at his face. Jeff is loosening his collar.

ANN

He's frozen! Look at him, he's
blue with cold!

JEFF

He's breathing fine now.

ANN

Maybe he ought to have a little
brandy?

JEFF

(sniffs, without
any malice)

No, I don't think so. I'm
afraid that's what did it.

ANN

(she sniffs
too, ladylike)

Yes, and I can tell he's been
at it all week.

(sadly -
shaking
her head)

He must have gone through hell.

JEFF

I think a few hours' sleep will
bring him around.

(CONTINUED)

ANN

(seeking
reassurance
as she still
holds his
hand
unconsciously)
Do you really think so?

She becomes conscious of his hand in hers. She tenderly puts it down. They both look at David keenly.

ANN (cont'd)

We can't leave these wet
clothes on him.

She starts to unlace David's ski shoes while Jeff starts unbuttoning David's jacket.

JEFF

(talking to
the unconscious
David as he
slips one arm
out of the
jacket)
Come on now, old man.

DAVID

(his eyes still
closed - from
far away)
We'll go away the first two
weeks in December.

Ann and Jeff have stopped everything to listen to him.

DAVID (cont'd)

(repeats)
The first two weeks in December.

JEFF

What's he saying?

ANN

(softly)
We were coming here the first
two weeks in December.

DAVID

You'll be crazy about it, Ann.

(CONTINUED)

ANN

He's been here all week like
this torturing himself. He
shouldn't have come here.

DAVID

Two weeks in the snow. We'll
have a lot of fun.

ANN

(shakes her head
determinedly -
quickly, to
control herself)
Get these wet things off him!

She hurries on the other shoe. Jeff starts unpeeling
David's sweater. There is silence for a few seconds
while they are working on him, then David talks again,
his eyes still closed, a tender delirium.

DAVID

(sharply)
Look out, Ann! Don't fall now!

ANN

(to Jeff,
pathetically)
He thinks we're skiing.

She hurries again with the shoe, taking it off.

DAVID

(softly)
You're very graceful, Ann.
Don't go so fast next time. I
don't want you to get hurt.

ANN

(biting her
underlip)
Isn't that terrible?

Ann pulls off his socks. After an appropriate pause,
David starts again.

DAVID

(suddenly)
Watch out for the tree! Watch
out!

(CONTINUED)

Ann looks helplessly at Jeff, who is now unloosening David's belt. It is obvious he intends to take Jeff's trousers off, but he stops and looks at Ann.

JEFF

You go back to your room, Ann.

ANN

(alarmed)

Why, what's the matter?

JEFF

I have to get him undressed.

ANN

(oblivious)

Well, go ahead.

Only now does she become conscious of what Jeff is driving at.

ANN (cont'd)

Oh!

This is ridiculous and she is reluctant to go but she understands.

ANN (cont'd)

If you need me, call.

She gets up hesitantly and starts to exit, looking back. Jeff unloosens the top buttons and starts to pull David's trousers off.

DAVID

(singing it)

The first two weeks in December.

DISSOLVE

INT. ANN'S CABIN - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

269

Ann is fully dressed in ski clothes, as is Jeff. Ann is sitting, glum, worried; Jeff standing.

JEFF

If you walk around in the snow,
you'll feel a little better.

ANN

He'll get delirious again and
want water.

JEFF

He's sleeping like a baby.
There's nothing we can do for
him now.

ANN

I'm going to look once more.

She gets up determinedly, followed by Jeff. She goes to
the door, opening it, and steps through.

INT. DAVID'S CABIN BEDROOM - NIGHT

270 MED. CLOSE SHOT. David, his hands folded on his chest,
is lying happily in bed. The slam of the door from Ann's
room is clearly heard. Since this is the signal he waits
for, he delightedly adjusts himself in bed, putting on
his old stupor act.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

271 MED. SHOT. Ann and Jeff exit from the middle door, and
cross to David's door.

INT. DAVID'S CABIN BEDROOM - NIGHT

272 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Group. Ann and Jeff tiptoe in, peering
at him.

ANN

(whispering)
He's asleep.

David begins to move his lips.

ANN (cont'd)

He's trying to say something.
(she leans
closer to
him)

DAVID
(just a whisper -
his eyes still
closed)
First two weeks in December.

He stops. Jeff's head comes into the shot.

JEFF
(a whisper)
What did he say?

ANN
He's still at the first two
weeks in December.

David opens his eyes.

ANN (cont'd)
He's opening his eyes.

As though having heard this, David looks full at them,
turning very slowly.

ANN (cont'd)
(in a small
voice)
Hello, David.

David looks blankly at her and then to Jeff, right
beside her, who is also on his knees.

JEFF
(whispering)
Hello, David.

DAVID
(right to Jeff)
Hello, Ann.

JEFF
My, he's in bad shape.

ANN
(pleading)
Don't you remember me?

(CONTINUED)

David looks at her blankly.

ANN (cont'd)
Try and think, David. This is
Ann. Annie.

JEFF
This is Jeff, your old school
chum. Jefferson.

He looks from Ann to Jeff.

DAVID
(tenderly -
right to Jeff)
I'll never forget you in that
little blue dress.

Jeff looks questioningly at Ann.

ANN
(touched -
explaining)
That's the dress I was wearing
when I met him. I told you
about it. The one he tore.
He liked me in that.

They look at David again.

JEFF
I think we ought to let him rest.

David, who isn't going to let anyone rest, rolls his
eyes and gargles. Ann is immediately alarmed.

ANN
(to Jeff)
What's the matter? That's not
a rattle, is it?

JEFF
(also nervous)
I don't think so. I wish I
could hear it again.

David obligingly rattles for him again.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF (cont'd)
He's just clearing his throat.

ANN
He looks awful.

JEFF
When he gets a shave he'll feel better.

ANN
(thoughtfully)
That's what I was thinking.

JEFF
We'll have a barber come over tomorrow.

Ann, having made up her mind, walks determinedly toward the bathroom. Jeff follows her. David looks after them as Jeff exits into the bathroom, smiling.

INT. DAVID'S CABIN BATHROOM - NIGHT

274 MED. CLOSE SHOT. Ann turns on the hot water and starts to gather up the laid-out shaving brush and soap bowl. She rummages through the open toilet kit for his razor.

JEFF
(not offended -
merely puzzled)
Are you expecting me to shave him.

ANN
No, I can do it.

JEFF
Why, Ann, that's something only a barber can do. Shaving someone else is very difficult.

ANN
(having found the
razor; throwing
the line away)
I always shaved him.

JEFF

(amazed)
You shaved him?

Professionally. Ann screws the blade tight, throws out the tooth brush from the glass, fills it with hot water, takes both towels from the rack and wets half of one. The other she throws over her arm. She puts the brush under the hot water faucet and starts a preliminary foaming in the soap bowl. She shuts off the water and starts back into the bedroom, Jeff following, popeyed.

INT. DAVID'S CABIN BEDROOM - NIGHT

275 MED. CLOSE SHOT. Ann sits beside David, and places the dry towel, barber fashion, around his throat. With the wet towel she moistens his face. A few more twirls of the brush, and she starts to apply the lather.

276 CLOSE SHOT of Jeff. He sits down slowly, not being able to take his eyes off the performance.

277 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann and David. Ann, having lathered half of his face, tenderly but expertly begins to shave him. At first her concentration is on the shaving but soon she is looking at him softly. She sighs. She wrenches herself out of this mood and concentrates on the shaving. Ann puffs out her own cheek, unconsciously. As the razor is now working the corner of David's mouth, he too blows out his cheek. Ann continues shaving - seriously, running a finger over a shaved portion of David's face.

ANN

That barber just ruined his
skin.

She continues shaving. A little more lather, another two strokes. Her expression lapses into softness again. David opens his mouth as though to speak. Ann takes the razor away, not to cut him.

278 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann, Jeff and David.

JEFF

(leaning forward)
He's going to talk.

(CONTINUED)

But David merely closes his mouth.

JEFF (cont'd)

No.

Ann starts to shave him again. David opens his mouth again. They watch expectantly.

DAVID

(finally - his
eyes having been
closed all during
the shaving scene,
and still closed)
I'll have a shine, boy.

ANN

He thinks he's in the barber
shop.

Slowly David puts out his hand.

JEFF

He's going to walk in his
sleep.

ANN

He thinks he wants a manicure.

JEFF

What should I do?

ANN

(seriously)
Maybe we'd better humor him.
Take his hand.

Jeff comes beside David and takes his hand in his and
plays with the finger nail.

JEFF

Do you think we're doing the
right thing?

ANN

Yes, we mustn't do anything to
shock him.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF
(who can't
get over it)
He thinks I'm a manicurist,
doesn't he?

ANN
(concentrating
on the shave)
Uh huh.

JEFF
(suddenly)
He's squeezing my hand.

ANN
(wryly)
He'll ask for your phone
number in a minute.
(she has
finished
shaving)
Get me his lotion from the
bathroom.

She is gently wiping his face with the moist towel and
then patting it dry with the dry end.

JEFF
Yes.

He puts David's hand down gingerly and starts. Ann puts
the razor and towel on the bedside table and her gaze is
attracted to her photograph and the adhesive plaster on
it. She takes the photograph in her hand.

279 CLOSE SHOT - Ann. She lifts up the two strips of
adhesive plaster.

INSERT THE PHOTOGRAPH with the inscription in
her handwriting under the half-raised
adhesive plaster, "I love, love, love you."

280 CLOSE SHOT - Ann. She looks tenderly at the photograph
and bites her underlip. She smooths the strip of
adhesive plaster back. She reaches over and returns the
photograph to the bedside table.

281 MED. SHOT. Jeff is returning with the lotion and watches from the doorway. Suddenly Ann grabs the picture again and rips off the plaster entirely, crumpling it up and throwing it on the floor. She places the picture on the table again. She adjusts it so that it faces David. Jeff, solemn now, gives Ann the lotion. Ann applies it to David's face. The shock of the cold lotion makes David stir.

282 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann and David. David is about to talk, Ann watches him. He opens his eyes.

DAVID
(weakly)
Is that you, Ann?

ANN
Yes, David.

DAVID
Where am I?

ANN
(tenderly)
You're all right now.

With a great effort David moves his head an inch and tries to focus on Jeff.

DAVID
Who's that?

Jeff comes into the shot.

JEFF
It's me, David.

DAVID
(warmly)
Hello, Jeff, old pal. Has there been an accident?

ANN
You were sick, David. You're all right now.

DAVID
Everybody's so far away.

(CONTINUED)

282 (CONTINUED)

He looks from one to the other. He looks back at Ann and then directly at Jeff.

DAVID (cont'd)
(softly, but
this time
to Ann)
I'll never forget you in that
little blue dress.

He sinks deeply into the pillow, closing his eyes, asleep.
Ann watches him, choking back tears.

JEFF
Let him sleep a few hours.

ANN
Do you think we ought to leave
him?

JEFF
I want to talk to you, Ann.

Ann nods and gets up slowly. She crosses on tiptoe to the window and pulls the curtains together, leaving about an inch space between them. Jeff is pulling the other curtains together.

283 CLOSE SHOT - David. He is looking at them through one eye.

284 MED. FULL SHOT - Group. Jeff opens the door. Ann looks back once more at David and goes to the door.

EXT. CABIN MCKINLEY - NIGHT

285 MED. SHOT. Jeff closes the door behind him, easily, and Jeff and Ann walk to the next door, which is Ann's suite. Ann opens the door and enters, Jeff following.

INT. ANN'S CABIN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

286 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Jeff closes the door behind him. He takes Ann by the arm.

JEFF
Sit over here, Ann.

Ann wearily sinks into the couch and Jeff pulls up a chair to face her.

287 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Jeff and Ann. It is a little hard for him to begin.

ANN
Yes, Jeff?

JEFF
(finally)
A woman can't control herself entirely by her head.
(wryly)
Which is probably why we love you. You've had three years with David, and whether you realize it or not, there's a bond between you that's not easily broken.

ANN
People get divorced.--

JEFF
(holds his hand up)
It's true that I think you'd be better off with me, but then I'm prejudiced. My first wish is to see you happy and it's possible - it's more than possible - that as peculiar as David is, you still couldn't be happy without him. I'll tell you what I'd like you to do. Take back your promise to marry me and think about it for a few days. If you feel you can't go on without David, you know I'll wish you every happiness in the world.

(CONTINUED)

ANN
(looks for a
long moment
at this
character out
of heaven)
I don't think a person ever
existed as fine and generous
as you are.

JEFF
It's a bargain then?

Ann just nods. Jeff gets up heavily and walks up and down.

ANN
Don't you think we ought to
see how he's getting along?

JEFF
We'll only awaken him.

ANN
I'll see if he's still asleep.
I'll look through the window.

She gets up and walks toward the door, opening it. She does not, however, close it after her.

EXT. CABIN McKINLEY - NIGHT

288 MED. SHOT. Ann walks to the window where she has previously drawn the curtains and peers through.

289 MED. CLOSE SHOT - of Ann looking for a chink through which to see.

INT. DAVID'S CABIN BEDROOM - NIGHT

290 REVERSE ANGLE of what Ann sees. David is sitting up in bed, eating an apple. Not only is he sitting fully up in bed, but he has one arm across his chest, propping up the apple arm, and his legs crossed. He is eating very lustily and gaily, pausing between large bites to suck his teeth, as a bit of apple skin disturbs him. He pauses to stroke his freshly shaven chin with satisfaction.

- 291 CLOSE SHOT of Ann. Everything becomes clear to her. A combination of rage and indignation surges through her. Grimly having hit upon an inspiration, she edges from the window and goes back to her own door.
- 292 MED. CLOSE TRUCK SHOT - Ann at door of her own suite. Since the door was partly opened, she opens it a little wider to allow herself to slam it shut.
- 293 MED. CLOSE SHOT. David, in the middle of a chew, hears the door slamming shut. Since we saw Ann about to slam it, the noise over the sound track will be the appropriate length of time for it to swing shut. David is galvanized into action. He slips back into his previous position, pushing the apple under the quilt with him, hastily swallowing, almost choking on a big lump. He keeps one eye open, waiting for Ann to enter. We hear Ann tiptoeing through the path of living room leading to the bedroom. David closes his eyes. He sighs audibly, for Ann's benefit.
- 294 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann at bedroom door. She tiptoes into the room and looks at David.
- 295 REVERSE ANGLE. David sighs heavily again.
- 296 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann. Grimly she eyes this figure. She tiptoes softly to his side, looking down on him.
- 297 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann and David. David stirs. Without a word Ann takes her picture from the bedside table in both hands. She raises it over her head. And bang! She brings it down on David's head. David leaps a few inches but to his credit, the first reaction, as bewildered as he is, is to take one more stab at keeping up this game.

DAVID

What's happened?

ANN

I'll tell you what's happened!
You've been found out, you beast!
I should have known it was all too
convenient your being up here.

DAVID

Look here, Ann -

ANN

The big sympathy act - coming
up here and pretending you're
on a bat!

DAVID

(stoutly)
I love you, Ann.

ANN

(right over
him)
Listen to me, David. You pick
up and get out of here. I
don't want to ever lay eyes on
you again. You're just making
a nuisance of yourself --

David has been sitting up in bed, but now he throws the
covers off, being in pajamas, and grabs her by the
shoulders.

ANN (cont'd)

Get your hands off me!

298 CLOSE TWO SHOT - Ann and David. David shakes her.

DAVID

Ann, I don't care what you say,
I tell you you're in love with
me.

ANN

I tell you you're crazy!

DAVID

And I'm not going to give up
till the last minute.

ANN

This is the last minute!

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

(shaking her)

You're mine and you belong to me. You couldn't have anything to do with that -

(he stumbles

for a phrase)

that pile of southern fried chicken in there.

ANN

That's what you think!

DAVID

(grimly)

Let me tell you something, Ann! You couldn't let him lay a hand on you! I know you - not after what we've been to each other!

ANN

(right back

at him)

He is going to lay a hand on me! And we're going to get married!

She turns on her heel and stalks towards the door. David looks after her, his expression hardening.

DAVID

Okay. If that's the way you want it, I shan't stand in your way. I've done all I can -- I've got pushed out of my own house -- threatened by cops -- chased around in cabs -- neglected my job -- only because I loved you and wanted you back. Now I'm through -- I'm all washed up. Go ahead -- marry the guy, and I hope you'll be very happy.

Ann hesitates for a fraction of a second, then exits, banging the door behind her. David looks forlornly after her. He sits down on the bed and cups his chin in his hand. He is mighty unhappy.

INT. ANN'S CABIN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

299 Jeff is seated in a chair. Ann storms in. She stops and looks at Jeff.

ANN
(the fury
still on
her)
Well, you heard.

Jeff nods. She thinks about it.

ANN (cont'd)
(bitterly)
He liked me in that little blue
dress.
(looks at
Jeff a
moment -
quietly)
Jeff, will you marry me?

Jeff stands up.

300 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann and Jeff.

JEFF
(earnestly)
I'd be honored, Ann. Are you
sure though it's wise to make
a decision in anger?

Ann searches his face and slowly shakes her head,
stepping closer to him.

ANN
Even at a time like this you
can be considerate of him?

JEFF
Your happiness is my only
concern.

ANN
I'm not good enough for you,
Jeff.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF

You're making me the happiest
man in the world.

(he takes
her by the
arm)

Would you like to have dinner
now? You must be hungry.

ANN

Yes, Jeff.

301 CLOSEUP - Ann. Her head turns suddenly as she hears
David speaking on the phone to the Lodge.

DAVID'S VOICE

Hello -- is that the porter?
What's the first train I can
get back to New York?

(pause)

Ten-thirty? Oh -- all right --
have a sleigh up here half an
hour before.

We see Ann's expression change a little; in fact, the
faintest trace of alarm comes into her eyes as the scene

DISSOLVES

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT - (PROCESS)

302 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann and Jeff. They are being driven
along on a sleigh. They're in the back seat, the
blanket tight around them. They drive along a moment
in silence which is broken by Jeff.

JEFF

I thought it was a very good
dinner, didn't you?

ANN

I wasn't very hungry.
(she smiles
a little
wistfully)

Jeff squeezes her hand under the blanket, which, while
it cannot be seen, is fairly apparent. They don't say
anything for a moment.

(CONTINUED)

ANN (cont'd)
I hope he does have the
decency to leave tonight.

JEFF
(tolerantly)
David won't stay if he knows
he's not wanted. Bet you he'll
be gone by the time we get
back.

303 CLOSEUP - Ann. She is worried -- this is not the answer
she hoped to get.

304 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann and Jeff. They drive on a little
in silence.

ANN
(trying to
convince
herself)
You know the real reason he
keeps chasing me -- he's still
so much in love with me. He's
such an egotist, he can't bear
the idea of my letting anyone
else kiss me -- he just won't
believe that I'm going to
marry you.

JEFF
Well, he'll have to, when we
are married.

Ann steals a surreptitious glance at her watch.

INSERT The HANDS show nine o'clock.

305 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann and Jeff. Ann affects a little
shiver.

ANN
Jeff -- it's getting rather
cold -- could you tell the
driver to go a little faster?
It must be the altitude -- I'm
not accustomed to it yet.

Jeff looks at her solicitously and tucks the rug more

JEFF

(to driver)
Drive straight back to Cabin
McKinley. Take the short cut.

They drive on in silence again. Ann is very pensive --
she is obviously thinking hard.

ANN

You know, I'm worried about him.

JEFF

(recalled
from his
amatory
dreams with
a start)
Who? Oh, of course -- David.

ANN

He may have been putting on an
act today, but he'll really take
to drinking from now on.

JEFF

Oh, I don't think so. He'll
probably find someone else.
David's the type that always
gets married again.

306 CLOSEUP - Ann, striving to disregard Jeff's hateful
suggestion.

307 MED. CLOSE SHOT - The two. Ann turns to Jeff
confidentially.

ANN

I'm so afraid he may ruin
himself on account of me --
spoil a brilliant future. He
is brilliant, you know.

She stares at Jeff fiercely as if daring him to deny it.
Then she continues slowly, still thinking hard.

(CONTINUED)

ANN (cont'd)
If I could only make him....

We see her lips start to frame the word "jealous," but she pulls herself up in time, realizing that she must on no account spill this thought to Jeff. She gets a sudden brilliant idea.

ANN (cont'd)
I mean -- if I could somehow
disillusion him about me --
make him hate me -- do
something --
 (he nods,
 satisfied)
Yes -- if he'd only hate me.
That would be the solution.

At last a plan of action has come to her -- she is amazed at her own brilliance; she turns to Jeff:

ANN (cont'd)
Listen -- we could do that.
Those walls are paper thin. He
could hear everything.

JEFF
 (very
 shocked)
Ann -- what are you suggesting?

ANN
 (all lit
 up)
It's a wonderful idea.
 (to the
 driver)
Hurry -- hurry.

DRIVER
Yes, ma'am.

He starts to whip up his horses while Jeff looks at Ann quite bewildered.

DISSOLVE OUT

EXT. McKINLEY CABIN - NIGHT

308 MED. SHOT - Ann and Jeff and Ann's doorway.

ANN
(her fingers
to her lips)
Shhhh.
(a whisper)
Good night, Jeff.

JEFF
Good night, Ann.

She holds her cheek up. Jeff kisses it.

JEFF (cont'd)
(solemnly)
It's a wonderful thing you're
doing.

ANN
(even more
solemn --
still putting
on her act)
He'd be on my conscience
otherwise.

JEFF
(again)
Good night.

He turns and tiptoes toward his own door. She watches him. He waves at her, opens his door and softly closes it behind him.

309 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann. She looks toward David's door and the lighted windows. She takes a deep breath for courage

ANN
(clearly - right
toward David's
window)
Come on in, Jeff.

INT. DAVID'S CABIN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

- 310 SEMI CLOSEUP - David, dressed for a journey, is busily engaged in putting the last few things into one of his bags. He looks up, startled, towards the wall from which the voice came.

ANN'S VOICE

It's early yet.

INT. JEFF'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

- 311 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Jeff has his coat halfway off and he too looks in the direction of the voice. His expression is one of admiration.

EXT. MCKINLEY CABIN - NIGHT

- 312 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann, as she determinedly opens her door.

INT. ANN'S CABIN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

- 313 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann lets the door slam, looking toward David's wall. She laughs loudly, ending with a trilly:

ANN

Jeffffffff!

INT. DAVID'S CABIN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

- 314 MED. CLOSE SHOT - David tiptoes quickly over to the wall and presses his ear against it.

INT. ANN'S CABIN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

- 315 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann.

ANN

(right to the
wall - girlishly)
Put me down, Jeff. You hear me,
Jeff, put me down this instant.

She jumps to simulate the noise of being put down.

316 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann. She still eyes the wall.
Ann takes the glasses which accompany the water
pitcher on the tray and clinks them together.

ANN
Now, now, Jeff. I've had
enough to drink, and so have
you.

She throws the glass down, breaking it.

INT. JEFF'S CABIN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

317 CLOSE SHOT - Jeff, with his ear against the wall, reacts
in surprised indignation at this portrayal of him having
too much to drink.

INT. ANN'S CABIN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

318 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann throws a chair over on its back.

ANN
Jeff! Are you hurt?
(loudly)
Shhhh.
(softly)
Don't talk so loud.

INT. DAVID'S CABIN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

319 CLOSE SHOT - David. He is pressing his ear into the wall
in a frantic effort to hear Jeff.

INT. ANN'S CABIN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

320 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann.

ANN
Let me help you up. My, how
strong you are!

INT. JEFF'S CABIN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

321 CLOSE SHOT - Jeff smiles smugly at this compliment.

INT. ANN'S CABIN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

322 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann. She looks around for something else to do and takes one of the books which she has brought along from the table. She looks toward David's direction. She steels herself to take the last step. She shakes her head to clear it and then she lets the book drop on the floor.

INT. DAVID'S CABIN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

323 MED. CLOSE SHOT - David. He is puzzled at this loud sound.

INT. ANN'S CABIN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

324 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann.

ANN
My, what a heavy shoe that is.

QUICK CUT TO

INT. DAVID'S CABIN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

325 MED. CLOSE SHOT - David. He almost recoils.

INT. JEFF'S CABIN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

326 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Jeff. He looks at the wall, shocked.

INT. ANN'S CABIN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

327 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann. She picks up the book again and holds it shoulder height.

INT. DAVID'S CABIN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

328 MED. CLOSE SHOT - David is striding up and down the room, looking at the wall. The sound of the second book falling is heard. He stops in midstep. Then comes:

ANN'S VOICE
(a girlish protest,
but her voice
indicating that
she is enjoying it.
Her voice, not her
face)
Jeff, what are you doing?

David goes out of control. He rushes to the lamp, grabs it by the base, pulls it out of the socket and rushes to the door, throwing the shade off as he goes. He pulls the electric cord to free it from incumbrances. He rushes through the door.

INT. ANN'S CABIN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

329 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann.

ANN
(doing it with
pantomime for
a better
performance)
Unless you stop, I'll have to
ask you to leave. Jeff, behave
yourself --

And on this last phrase, David bursts in, fire in his eye. The words "behave yourself" are spoken in David's presence. Ann whirls on this and eyes him. David grimly advances into the room. As he looks around, seeing that this has all been an act on Ann's part:

330 CLOSE SHOT - For the briefest moment, we see a flash of triumph in Ann's eyes. She has succeeded in rousing David's jealousy.

ANN
(drawing herself
up -- still
playing her part)
You haven't even got any pride!
I only did this for you so that
you could realize it's all over
between us.

DAVID
(low - restrained)
There's only one way to handle
you.

He throws the lamp on the couch and advances toward Ann.

ANN
You get out of here!

INT. JEFF'S CABIN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

332 CLOSE SHOT - Jeff. He is now seated on the couch facing Ann's wall, smoking a cigarette and listening. At this distance he therefore didn't hear David, but can now hear Ann's voice which is loud.

ANN'S VOICE
(comes over)
Get out!

He smiles. He thinks this is part of the act.

INT. ANN'S CABIN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

333 MED. CLOSE SHOT - David approaches Ann with a determination that cannot be denied. Roughly he grabs her off her feet and holding her in his arms, starts with her. She kicks violently.

ANN
Put me down! You let me down!
Jeff!

334 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Jeff. He is still smiling as Ann's voice comes through.

ANN'S VOICE

Jeff, I'm not acting! This is real! Come on in!

Frightened out of his smiling, Jeff leaps to his feet and runs to the door.

EXT. MCKINLEY CABIN - NIGHT

335 Jeff, on insecure footing, runs to Ann's door and throws it open.

INT. ANN'S CABIN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

336 REVERSE ANGLE - David has managed to carry her a few feet, but Ann is holding herself against the door frame. He turns as Jeff enters.

ANN

Let me go!

337 MED. CLOSE SHOT of group. David looks defiantly at Jeff. If ever there was a setting for a pitched battle between two males over a mate, this is it. David puts Ann down slowly. He takes a step to the couch and picks up his lamp base. He hitches up his trousers, never taking his eyes off Jeff, who stands there looking at him. Ann runs to the lamp and pulls it out of the socket.

ANN

You take a lamp, too, Jeff.

JEFF

(it might be
steely grimness,
in a second we
will find out it
isn't. Simply)
I don't need a lamp.

DAVID

(honestly)
You'd better take it.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF

(to David)
I forgive you.

ANN

(horrified - the
lamp in her hand
for him to take)
You're not going to hit him?

JEFF

You're so attractive, Ann, that
I take it for granted that
other men less disciplined will
always take liberties with you.
Violence shows a lack of
character.

ANN

You mean you're not going to do
anything to him?

JEFF

Would you respect me more, if I
knocked him down?

ANN

(this is
the end)
Would I! You big blubber!
What kind of a man are you?
How could you be in love with
a woman and let someone paw her?

JEFF

Ann, let's not say anything in
anger we'll be sorry for.

338 CLOSE SHOT - David. He looks from one to the other,
first in surprise, and then in delight. He is beaming.

ANN'S VOICE

Haven't you got any self-respect?

David's expression changes as he spies something.

339 REVERSE ANGLE - FULL SHOT. Through the open door have come Mother and Father Custer. They stand in the doorway as everyone turns to them.

MRS. CUSTER

Surprise!

MR. CUSTER

(gaily)
Isn't it wonderful up here?

MRS. CUSTER

Are you children having a nice time together?

Ann only throws them one dirty look and is back at Jeff.

ANN

(to Jeff)
You and your fancy ideals!
You're nothing but a coward!
He's only half your size!

This is quite an exaggeration but Ann is in no mood for niceties.

ANN (cont'd)

I'll bet he could lick you with one hand behind his back!

340 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Father and Mother Custer. To say they are taken aback is putting it mildly.

JEFF'S VOICE

Ann, do you realize you're raising your voice?

341 MED. CLOSE SHOT - David. He nods his head at Jeff.

DAVID

(repeating
knowingly)
Raising her voice!

ANN
(she's just
starting)
Certainly I'm raising my voice!

JEFF
I never saw you acting like
this. I thought you were a
gentle type of girl.

343 MED. CLOSE SHOT - David. He nods again. Nobody pays
any attention to him, but he talks on.

DAVID
Very gentle.
(he points to
his scalp,
showing them)
That's how I got this.

Father Custer steps up the two steps to Jeff, Mother
Custer following.

MR. CUSTER
Jefferson! I forbid you to
marry this - this -
(he can't think
of a word)
- woman!

ANN
You forbid him to marry me?
(she holds her
head a second)

The first line to the father, the rest to Jeff.

ANN (cont'd)
Listen to me, you stuffed shirt!
Even a mouse has enough backbone
to fight sometime! Taking your
hat off in an elevator doesn't
make you a man, you can teach a
monkey to do that! (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

ANN (cont'd)
(she senses there
are too many
animals in this)
And I'll take a mouse or a
monkey any day - whether he's
a dipsomaniac or beats his wife
- than a lump of well-bred jelly.
(she's not going
to let David
get encouraged
by this: without
a pause in her
speech she throws
him one line)
But I'm not taking you, brother!

David's grin becomes more irritating. Ann charges on.

ANN (cont'd)
(to Jeff)
Why don't you go out and find
a Girl Guide and you can go
camping together!
(she pauses now)
Let me out of here before I
forget I'm a lady!

She marches through her bedroom door, slamming it after
her. No one changes his position. David looks happily
at the trio.

DAVID
That was one of her quieter
moments.

They glare at him

QUICK DISSOLVE

EXT. MCKINLEY CABIN - NIGHT

344 The auto bearing the Custers is just starting. The snow,
even on the road, is up to the hubs and only with chains
can the car manage to move. It starts away.

345 MED. CLOSE SHOT - David. He watches the car pull away.
He is framed in Ann's doorway. He turns back into the
living room.

INT. ANN'S CABIN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

346 MED. CLOSE SHOT - David. He opens the door to Ann's bedroom.

INT. ANN'S CABIN - BEDROOM - NIGHT

347 REVERSE ANGLE - Ann. She is seated in a chair with both skis parallel in front of her. She is trying to fasten one ski onto her ski shoe. This is a very difficult task and she is struggling with it. She does not look up on David's entrance.

348 MED. CLOSE SHOT - David and Ann. David leans against the open door. Ann is struggling with the ski catch.

DAVID

What are you doing?

ANN

(with grim
sweetness)

The telephone is cut off, there is no transportation. I am going to spend the evening at the Lodge.

DAVID

(throwing it away)

That's ridiculous. Why don't you spend the night here?

She gives him a broad, ironic smile, deliberately, pronouncing each word.

ANN

Not on your life.

DAVID

How are you going to get there?
You can't ski.

ANN

(jerking at the
catch - and not
making much
progress with it)

If necessary, on my hands and knees.

349 CLOSE SHOT - David. He looks at her blandly. He has an idea. He tries to take the crafty look off his face.

350 MED. CLOSE SHOT - David and Ann.

DAVID
(as though fed up)
You're not doing me any favor
staying here. I'd just as soon
you'd get out.

ANN
(she looks up at
him and nods)
We see eye-to-eye.

DAVID
(suddenly)
I'll help you get out!

He walks over to her and getting down on one knee, starts to help her with the ski.

351 CLOSE TWO SHOT - Ann and David. Ann looks at him sharply and David wears a determined unfriendly look on his face. Ann lets him adjust the ski, but tilts her chin up, ignoring him. The ski is the type that works with a spring catch and also a strap. David, having finished the first ski, takes her other foot not too tenderly and jams it into the ski lock. Ann glares at him.

DAVID
Sorry!

He pulls up the tight back part of the lock and jams the lock closed. He stands up and looks down at her.

ANN
(coldly)
Thank you.

She gets up from the chair. She takes two short steps toward the bedroom door on the unfamiliar skis. David has not moved. Simply he puts his hand on her chest and with two fingers pushes her backward. Ann falls backward into the chair, the skis holding her legs out stiff.

(CONTINUED)

David turns on his heel and walks to the bedroom door. Deliberately, slowly, he closes it. He turns around to face Ann. Calmly he looks at her from the door and begins to undo his tie.

- 352 CLOSE SHOT - Ann. She watches him and as his intention becomes clear, she stares at him.

ANN

(low)
I'm warming you. I'll kill
you in cold blood.

- 353 CLOSE SHOT - David looking at her, his expression still bland. He is still at the tie.

- 354 CLOSE SHOT - Ann.

ANN

Some time - some day - when
your back is turned - I'll
stab you. I'm telling you
right now, don't you try
anything.

- 355 MED. CLOSE SHOT - David and Ann. David, ignoring her entirely, has his tie off and turns his back to her to lay his tie neatly over a chair. Ann begins to scream and works her feet like mad to rid herself of the skis. She is helpless however. She bends to work away at one of them but it's clear she does not even know what to pull to release the catch. She keeps working her feet, screaming. And suddenly one foot comes free. She stops screaming and looks up at David.

- 356 REVERSE ANGLE - David's back is still to her as he starts on his coat.

- 357 CLOSE SHOT - Ann. She looks at David a second, back at the loose ski and then she quickly puts her foot back into the ski lock. She starts to scream again, just as horrified as she was a minute ago, the big hypocrite.

FADE OUT

THE END